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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Whether or not the AFTRA strike continues into this week, all shows listed below are scheduled to appear. The specials have been taped in advance, and supervisors' personnel stand ready to replace the commentators on live sports programs.

Wednesday, April 12

DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) Danny Thomas throws an old-fashioned "Black Party" on a street populated by Irish, Mexicans, Italians and Negroes. Vic Damone, Sammy Davis Jr., Jimmy Durante, Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban help mix it up.

Thursday, April 13

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.) Shirley Booth and Robert Ryan in *About Miss Lydia* (1954), a story of two people who meet during World War II and spend a holiday together in California. Every year thereafter the idyl is repeated, and each year he vanishes until the next.

ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.) "The Legend of Marilyn Monroe," a portrait of the star and the woman—how her friends remember her, as well as clips of her movies. Narrated by John Huston. Repeat.

Friday, April 14

THE INVESTIGATION (NBC, 9-10-11 p.m.) Peter Weiss's 1966 Broadway play revolving around the Frankfurt trials of Nazis accused of committing atrocities at Auschwitz. With the original Broadway cast, including Russell Baker, Leslie Barrett, Peter Brandon. To be repeated Sunday, April 16, 3-5 p.m.

Saturday, April 15

THE SANDY KOUFAX SHOW and **NBC'S MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL** (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The ex-Dodger great tosses out the season's first ball in a 15-minute pregame show before Los Angeles takes on the St. Louis Cardinals at Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis.

TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS (ABC, 3-30 p.m.) Top golf-purse winners of the 1966 season compete for the \$100,000 stakes at the Stardust Hotel golf course in Las Vegas. Coverage continues Sunday, April 16, 4-6 p.m.

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE (CBS, 8-30-9-30 p.m.) Eartha Kitt guest-stars as a con woman who lends her improbable talents to the Impossible Missions Force in an effort to catch a defector with nuclear secrets.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11-15 p.m.) *Rear Window* (1954), Alfred Hitchcock's chiller starring James Stewart and Grace Kelly.

Sunday, April 16

NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER GAME OF THE WEEK (CBS, 2-30-4-30 p.m.) Live from Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, Jack Whitaker will try to make things clear to U.S. sports fans as the Atlanta Chiefs and the Baltimore Bays kick the ball around. Games will be presented for the next 21 Sundays.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6-30 p.m.) In "Cities of the Future," Walter Cronkite surveys the alternatives to chaos for tomorrow's urban dwellers. Such city plan-

ners as Buckminster Fuller and Constantinos Doxiadis offer their comments.

THE VIEW FROM EUROPE (NBC, 6-30-7-30 p.m.) NBC's London Bureau Chief, File Abel reports on the sharp change in European attitudes toward the U.S. and Americans. He covers Germany, Denmark, France and Switzerland, as he talks with educators and politicians about Viet Nam, NATO, U.S. businesses abroad.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7-30-8-30 p.m.) *The Prince and the Pauper*. Mark Twain's lively adventure in a three-part series. Part 1, "The Pauper King," features Sean Scully in a dual role—Prince Edward Tudor of England and his look-alike, Pauper Tom Canny, who change places for a taste of each other's lives.

ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11-30 p.m.) After arriving in Stockholm to collect the Nobel Prize, Paul Newman finds himself collecting other things—such as a like summer and a pack of trouble in *The Prize* (1963).

Monday, April 17

ROBERT SCOTT AND THE RACE FOR THE SOUTH POLE (ABC, 8-30-9-30 p.m.) Filmed on location in Antarctica, a re-creation of Captain Robert Falcon Scott's epic and ill-fated journey to the South Pole in 1910.

Tuesday, April 18

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.) Sophia Loren plays a European actress touring the Wild West of the 1880s with a theatrical troupe led by Anthony Quinn in *Heater in Pink* (1960).

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATERS RUNNING. Robert Anderson's characters share a universal preoccupation: sex. As an element of shock in art, a warning force in middle-age, a matter of concern to parents, a mix of memoirs of the aged, sex links these four consistently droll, frequently hilarious and occasionally touching playlets.

THE HOMECOMING. Awarded the Tony as the season's best play, Harold Pinter's drama melds the mystique of the surreal with relentless honesty in the examination of interpersonal relationships. Flawlessly performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, it binds the audience in a puzzled spell while catching it up in heated controversy.

BLACK COMEDY is a slambang comedy. Literally. The humor of Peter Shaffer's one-act springs more from body English than feats of wit. It is based on a single conceit—agile actors in a blaze of lights behave and misbehave, bump and reel, as if in total darkness.

THE APA REPERTORY COMPANY. The mix in the company's current dramatic bag is set in the English drawing room and the Norwegian household; it is also culled from the Russian epic and the American farce. Rosemary Harris leads the highly competent group in *School for Scandal*, *The Wild Duck*, *War and Peace* and *You Can't Take It With You*.

Off Broadway

HAMP. A sweet but Simple Simon gives in to panic at the front during World War I, and is punished by a military machine that

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cannot afford to temper steeliness with compassion. Robert Salvio gives a most sympathetic interpretation of Private Hump as he faces court-martial.

EPH, by Henry Livings, is about Valentine Brose. He lives in a boiler room. He is a nit. His wife lives in there too. She is a nit. He is funny. She is funny. So is the play.

RECORDS

Pop Hits

IN CASE YOU'RE IN LOVE (Atco) finds Sonny and Cher, that wildly caparisoned, lank-haired first family of folk-rock, crooning simple love ballads to each other. "You look to me like misty roses. Too soft to touch but too lovely to leave alone," sighs Sonny, closing his eyes to her upstart bell-bottoms. "You and me is what I see and that's the way it's gonna stay," chimes Cher. Meanwhile, "The drums keep pounding rhythm to the brain."

SURREALISTIC PILLOW (RC/A Victor). Jefferson Airplane (i.e., Grace, Paul, Jorma, Jack, Spencer and Marty) takes a trip to the accompaniment of psychedelic clatter and barely audible chatter about blowing their minds. *White Rabbit* ("One pill makes you larger and one pill makes you small") is an eerie echo of Lewis Carroll's Alice, that mop-haired, pioneering freak-out and her oldtimey, mind-blowing Wonderland. The Airplane likes to blur and disconnect its musical phrases, creating the aural equivalent of double vision.

YOUNGER THAN YESTERDAY (Columbia). The Byrds first took wing as interpreters of Bob Dylan and on their fourth album soar highest with one of Dylan's old songs, *My Back Pages*. Where Dylan himself sang the disillusioned sermon like a harsh and nasal backwoods evangelist, the Byrds weave it into a more mellifluous and harmonic song. They also chirp sweetly about what seem to be UNdelightful reveries (*Mind Gardens, Renaissance Fair*).

THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH ALL OVER THE WORLD (MGM). Anytime you listens to rock 'n' roll on the radio can't help hearing about hearing that hush—"The sounds of lovers in love." The sunny troubadours are Herman's Hermits who also sing such post-nursery rhymes as *Little Miss Sorrow*, *Child of Tomorrow*, *If You're Thinkin' What I'm Thinkin'* and *No Milk Today*.

THE DOORS (Elektra), a new group from Los Angeles, tend to keep the dicebells down and spread the shivers with a shuffling beat, a spooky kind of bluesy undercurrent and free, Freud-laden verse. *The End*, for example, which lasts eleven minutes, spells out the Oedipus legend: "Father, I want to kill you. Mother, I want to..." Shrieks ensue.

CINEMA

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE. Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing and Bea Lillie flip through some oh-you-kidding dialogue and some risky-ticky tunes in an otherwise lackluster musical set in the '20s.

LA VIE DE CHATEAU. French Screenwriter Jean-Paul Rappeneau (*That Man From Rio*) makes his directorial debut with a fresh and funny farce about the German Occupation and the French pre-occupation—sex.

LYSSES. An honest, mildly sensational, and for the most part intelligent précis of James Joyce's masterpiece—although the film suffers from Director Joseph Strick's

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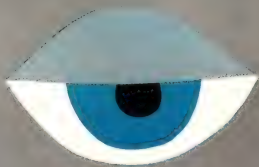
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Accentuated rocker sole. Wilson has designed the X-31 wood from the ground up with a rocker sole that will get you out of tight lies with more on the ball and less of the turf. Brass sole plates on all the woods add more weight to the hitting area, with more distance for you.

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decision simply to illustrate Joyce's words rather than transform them into images.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Italian Director Franco Zeffirelli has breathed new life into Shakespeare's bawdy comedy with a brash and breezy style and lusty performances from Hutton and Taylor.

PERSONA. Swedish Actress Bibi Andersson and Norwegian Actress Liv Ullmann look alike, and from this similarity Director Ingmar Bergman has woven a deep, dark story of merging personalities.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. Hollywood has broken the (Bobby) Morse code and delivered a good reproduction of the Broadway musical.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. An excellent film rendering of the Royal Shakespeare Company stage production of Peter Weiss's play, with laurels again to Director Peter Brook.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE UNICORN GIRL, by Caroline Glyn. The 19-year-old novelist, a great-granddaughter of Flinor Glyn, takes the reader on a hilarious guided tour of a Girl Guide summer camp, where chaos reigns unrestrained and girlish tears flow often.

JOURNEY THROUGH A HAUNTED LAND, by Amos Elon. An Israeli journalist visits the scenes of genocide and writes a thoughtful study of postwar Germany.

ISRAELI, by Robert Blake. The author constructs a mosaic of minutiae about one of the most brilliant and complex figures in British history, Victoria's favorite Victorian, Benjamin Disraeli.

FATHERS, by Herbert Gold. A long, loving search, both forward and backward, for the essence of parenthood; a tribute to that most neglected figure in American fiction—the Jewish father.

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: THE WIESENTHAL MEMOIRS, edited by Joseph Wechsberg. In a style as spare and striking as Dashiell Hammett's dogged Nazi Hunter Simon Wiesenthal recounts the career that brought 800 war criminals (including Adolf Eichmann) to justice, and made of Wiesenthal a kind of Intercontinental Op.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (3)
3. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (2)
4. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann (5)
5. *The Captain*, De Hartog (4)
6. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renault (6)
7. *Tai-Pan*, (Lovel (10)
8. *The Birds Fall Down*, West (7)
9. *The Time Is Noon*, Buck
10. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (1)
2. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (2)
3. *Inside South America*, Gunther (6)
4. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (3)
5. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (4)
6. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (7)
7. *Games People Play*, Berns (5)
8. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane
9. *Disraeli*, Blake (8)
10. *The Arrangement of Power*, Fulbright



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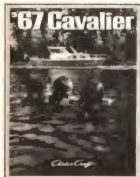
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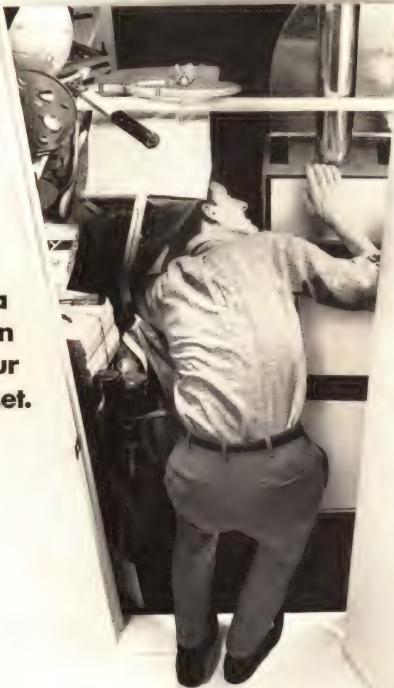
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LETTERS

What's in the Pill

Sir: The space you devoted to the pill [April 7] gave me a lift and the hope that possibly enough will be done in time to ward off the specter that has stared at us so long—a world so full of people that life would be mean indeed. I commend you for using your mighty power to inform and influence now, when so many agencies that have some power are still testing the wind of public opinion.

RAMONA J. IRELAND

Balboa, C.Z.

Sir: I'm not much of a letter writer, but I'm a confirmed pill taker, so I must congratulate you on your cover story. We have three much-planned-on children, which delights us. A source of equal delight is the fact that we can now say with confidence that our family is complete. No one will ever convince me that God intended people to bring children into the world to starve or be mistreated because they were unwanted.

SUSAN MAROTTA

Philadelphia

Sir: As a mother and grandmother (six children, two after age 40), I've been afraid to risk the pill; I've let the wise women experiment. Now they can have the last laugh, as once again I am pregnant. After reading your cover story, I'm planning to join the "Planned Parenthood dropouts."

MILDRED MONAGHAN

East Brunswick, N.J.

Sir: The cover photo is supposed to represent the scientific symbol for "female"? Don't make me laugh; anyone with half an eye can see that it is clearly a baby's rattle.

HARRIET S. SCHACHER

Daly City, Calif.

Skywriting

Sir: I am intimately familiar with your "Crowded Skies" [March 31]. For 25 years as pilot, air-traffic controller, instructor and system researcher, I have worked and played in the realms of which you speak. Your pictorial documentation of TWA Flight 740 was a colorful and dramatic presentation of one of the most challenging, exciting and satisfying professions in aviation.

About the future, the FAA does indeed have a highly developed and intensified program for research and development; it appears that relief, in many areas, lies within the foreseeable future.

J. ROY BRADLEY JR.

Somers Point, N.J.

Sir: Some footnotes to your story:

In 1935 the executives of some of the large airlines discussed the problem of control of air traffic with Government officials. Since the Government lacked funds, American, United, TWA and Eastern airlines each agreed to supply one of their experienced pilots to work with the one man, Earl Ward, paid by the Government Aviation Department, and to pool the costs of setting up an experimental Airway Traffic Control Center at Newark Airport.

The center was built in an unused loft. For months these men played a game of make-believe, pretending to control the airline traffic into and out of Newark Airport. Next, relaying instructions through the radio stations of the airlines, advice

was given pilots on how to avoid conflicting traffic. For a long time the pilots resented being told "how to fly" by men on the ground. Later the Government made it mandatory for the pilots to obey the directions of the controllers. In 1936 the Government took over the operations at Newark and at Cleveland, where a second center had been put into operation. That was the start of the huge Air Traffic Control complex of the Federal Aviation Agency.

I was one of those five men, loaned by United Air Lines. When the Government took over, I went along and managed the third center at Detroit and later supervised all air-traffic control in the Southwest.

HARRY D. COPLAND

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Distinctly Native

Sir: You are to be congratulated for examining the problem of congressional ethics [March 31] thoroughly and imaginatively.

I believe it imperative that we add to the congressional reforms aimed at standards, and that we conduct a major reform in reporting campaign expenditures. The Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 is totally inadequate for campaigns of 1968. A system should be enforceable and fair, and should encourage small contributions, if the concept of citizen participation is to be meaningful.

The election reform bill I have introduced would 1) create a joint committee on standards and conduct; 2) make major changes in campaign reporting procedures—requiring that all expenditures be reported; 3) establish a federal elections commission to police campaign reporting, and 4) demand that office holders as well as candidates disclose personal assets, liabilities and income.

WILLIAM A. STEIGER

Congressman from Wisconsin
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Wasn't it Mark Twain who said, "There is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress?"

BARNEY P. POPKIN

Houston

♪ *Yep. And he also said: "In statesmanship get the formalities right, never mind about the moralities."*

Brief Candle

Sir: Joe Jacobs [March 31] was a brave young man who lived his short life with honor. Every human being has an obli-

gation to better the world and, at the age of 22, Mr. Jacobs fulfilled his commitment. It is heartening to know that there are those people who still have the courage to become involved, those who "would not run, would not hide, would not cry." Joe Jacobs, simple eloquence and candor have graphically portrayed to us all that war is hell; it can never be anything else if it robs us of such brief candles.

ANNE LING

Los Angeles

Sir: I will never forget Joe Jacobs' great joy in getting involved with the world. We were good friends at Stanford, graduated together from the same department and then met here while he was taking his basic training. He would have liked your tribute.

In his last letter to me, Jan. 15, he wrote, "It's often very frustrating being over here. But it's often exciting as well." He told about his plans for a trip to Europe after separation this fall and said he planned to use his letters home as background material for a novel about the war.

(SPA) ROBERT L. SUFFEL

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Survey Course

Sir: The Riesman-Jencks evaluation of Negro colleges [March 31] deals only superficially with the problems and mounds these colleges face. Many Negroes today reject the goal of "significant student integration"—or any integration. Yet this seems to be a major criterion for judging the worth of these schools.

Some of the substantive criticisms reported are valid, but the generalizations are far too sweeping.

It is an open question just how far ahead of grossly inadequate elementary and high-school education such schools can expect to move. So long as the prior education remains poor, the remedial task of the colleges remains large, and that function is a viable one.

Despite unconstructive criticisms and lack of adequate resources, they do much more than give their students "an idea of what middle-class life is like." The truth is that the vast majority of Negroes who today achieve success in American life were educated in this "academic disaster area." And that is likely to be true for a good many years to come.

C. SHIELY ROOKS

The Fund for Theological Education, Inc.
Princeton, N.J.

Sir: I heard Mr. Jencks address the liberal arts faculty of Howard University on March 22, telling us we were second-rate and would always be so. He admitted that

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4 Comet Coupe. This sporty economy model offers you style and savings. It's an easy course to take.



5 Arnold Palmer Golf Balls. 3 for \$1.50. Regularly \$3.75. "These golf balls have been good to me in tournament play," says Arnold Palmer. They are 90-compression balls, normally sold only in pro shops. But, for a limited time, your participating Mercury dealer offers 3 for just \$1.50, limit 1/2 dozen. One round with this great pro ball and you'll want more from your local pro shop. **Swing into spring with Arnold Palmer. See the action cars now at special Sports Time prices.**





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his investigation of Negro colleges was "journalistic and impressionistic," not based on statistics or formal research. The white students in my graduate zoology seminar did not choose this university for "a mixture of idealistic, exploratory or neurotic reasons," though economic reasons may have influenced them.

A majority of both my Negro and white students compare favorably with students of the same level in other universities of my experience. I have studied or taught at the University of Texas, University College in London, the American University of Beirut, the Gorgas Memorial Laboratory in Panama and the Mergenthaler Laboratory of Biology, and Johns Hopkins University. I do not find either my Negro or white colleagues at Howard second-rate. If anything racial distinguishes my Negro colleagues, it is perhaps an intense ambition for progress at Howard University.

As a scientist, I feel that Riesman and Jencks would have performed a service to education had they done more serious researching and had fewer impressions. Their book will only provide fuel for segregationists of both races.

SARAH BEDICHER PINKIN

Associate Professor of Zoology

Howard University
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Riesman and Jencks have a valid argument. As a victim of a Negro secondary and college education, I will say this: the Negro-educated Negro, in college especially, is in a wonderland, a system so confused with non-sensentials that if we were not so backward to begin with, there would be no hope for survival. When the college is supported by a church, it seems that the thing the college does best is defeat its purpose.

The best description of education by and for Negroes is found in Eliot Baker's, *A Fine Madness*. "We have come a long way toward ignorance, and all uphill."

LLOYD T. JONES

Washington, D.C.

Ahead but Not Against

Sir: As a Dutch-speaking theologian, I have some misgivings about your article on the Catholic Church in *The Netherlands* [March 31].

We boast of being the avant-garde of the church, but being ahead does not mean being against. Reformulating a doctrine, even radically, does not mean rejecting it.

You state that the encyclical *Mysterium Fidei* "was clearly directed against Dutch theologians who had proposed to describe Christ's real presence in the bread and wine as transignification rather than transubstantiation." But the Pope approved the use of "transignification" provided it did not mean a merely subjective sense of symbolism. The net result of the encyclical has been to win over to the Dutch stand theologians of the whole world, who, after carefully reading the Dutchmen, found they not only met the Pope's requirements but offered an interpretation that combined modernity with tradition.

When a theologian says "heaven and hell do not preoccupy us any more," he states that most men of today don't care about the after-life, not that there is none. (He may imply that Christian teaching has depicted it in an inadequate way.)

Some feel that one cannot brand as mortal sin all sex that is really premarital, i.e., between people who have freely committed their lives to each other. But don't suggest that they recommend it.

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even less that they advocate sexual intercourse as just a way to express affection. I am really afraid that your article, though based on solid information, will be widely misunderstood.

(The Rev.) JORIS VAN MASSENHOVE
Loyola University
New Orleans

Potboiler

Sir: I'd like to thank you for publishing "Turning Off" [March 31]. So many kids are now lost, unhappy acidheads.

I'm glad that the Sextons had enough sense to realize that acid is as unneeded as a cigarette. But now, because the mushroom and banana have become the new, legal ways to get high, there is no telling when or where this fad will end. I hope the Sextons keep up their fight.

NANCY KAPLOW

South Orange, N.J.

Bench Mark

Sir: Our glory was short-lived. Judicial history was made in Jacksonville on March 10, when the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals sat *en banc* and heard arguments in the school-desegregation cases. It was the first time in U.S. history that twelve federal judges had sat at one hearing.

"The South" [April 7] not only had the court sitting three weeks later than it did, but in New Orleans. I know they sat in Jacksonville, because one of my duties was to seat all twelve judges in a courtroom that was designed to seat only three.

WESLEY R. THEIS

Clerk

United States District Court
Jacksonville

► *Glory to both cities, Jacksonville made the history, but the decision was announced at the Fifth Circuit Court's headquarters in New Orleans.*

Soul of the Navigator

Sir: Before I met Sir Francis Chichester [March 31] in Sydney, Australia in 1966, I thought his ambition beset with madness, his folly shrouded with hope. But when I had a visit with him, I knew he would make it.

In a jiffy, I felt the soul of this wonderful man, for he displayed a quiet strength, utter conviction, a competence unassailable. He told me, "I am a navigator." Hearing his voice recently from his radio as he rounded the Horn, I wept. It was wonderful.

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
Professor of Physics

El Camino College
Via Torrance, Calif.

Address Letters to the Editor to LIFE & LIFE BUILDING, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10010.

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GATEWAY TO AND FROM
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Put your hand over the gray half and see how much younger I look.

Gray hair makes you look older. And dark hair makes you look younger.

But we suspect you've known that all along. Then how come you didn't do something about it before now?

We suspect you know the answer to that one, too.

The embarrassment.

The funny feeling that doing something to your gray was too flashy, too "show biz," not for a "regular fellow."

More Men Than You Think

It may have been true ten years ago that only a few actors colored their hair. But since then a minor, and somewhat surprising, revolution has taken place. Today it's estimated that over 2,000,000 men from all walks of life have broken with tradition and have done something about their gray hair—bankers, farmers, longshoremen, teachers and police officers do it. Without blushing.

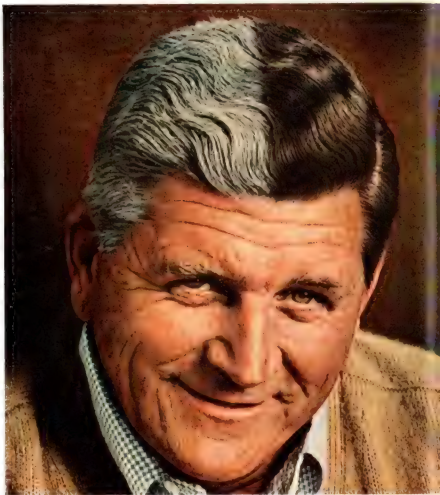
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Now, finally there's a product designed especially for men—a product that won't embarrass you in any way. Great Day.® With Great Day you can do a little or a lot. You can handle your gray-hair problem in the way that's most comfortable for you. By varying the application time, you can take out just a *little* of the gray. Or slowly evolve to a full, rich, natural-looking color over a period of time. Or you can take the plunge all at once—and make the complete change in one sitting. You can do it in the privacy of your own bathroom, or in any good barbershop. Without any of the worries.

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Your Pillow Won't Talk

Great Day goes inside your gray hair shafts. So it can't rub off on your collar, or on the pillow. It contains no peroxide in any form. It doesn't harm your hair in any way. (Actually, it leaves your hair in better condition.) It doesn't affect the texture of your hair at all. But just by making it darker, it does make it look somewhat fuller. (Nobody will mind that extra benefit.)

Muster up your courage a little—and do something about your gray hair. It's nice to look young.



TIME APRIL 14, 1967



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See the Atlas dealer near you and begin getting your extra miles with The Round Tire!

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 14, 1967

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THE NATION

HISTORICAL NOTES

Muffled Drum

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything we are and everything that we have."

Woodrow Wilson's words to Congress, as quietly dramatic and eloquent as the man who spoke them, still ring with sharp urgency, still speak directly to the national conscience. But in a capital preoccupied with another war, there was no official observance last week to mark the day, 50 years ago, on which the United States entered World War I.

POLITICS

The Temper of the Times

[See Cover]

"It's at least six months ahead of what I've been accustomed to," says former Republican National Chairman Len Hall, who now heads Michigan Governor George Romney's Washington headquarters. Predicts F. Clifton White, who organized Barry Goldwater's first-ballot victory at the 1964 convention: "Nobody's going to get a hammerlock on this thing at an early date. It'll be a fight to the finish."

In other words, the 1968 presidential campaign is early, wide open and worth fighting. Thanks to last November's comeback, the G.O.P. controls half of the nation's statehouses, representing 293 out of the 535 electoral votes and 57.5% of the population. Recent Republican gains in Florida's legislature and the narrow loss of a Rhode Island congressional seat that had been Democratic for 33 of the past 35 years point to continuing strength. "The momentum," says House Minority Leader Jerry Ford, "is still running our way."

On the Democratic side, Lyndon Johnson's candidacy for a second full term is a foregone conclusion—though Vice President Humphrey and Bobby Kennedy plan to be around in case the President is not. As for the G.O.P., Dick Nixon said in Tokyo last week: "We will have candidates running out of our ears." Everybody seemed to be running.

Early Exposure. As Hubert Humphrey ended a two-week visit to Europe last week, Nixon, continuing his world tour, began a month-long swing through Asia. Romney—at last—discussed Viet Nam in Connecticut, and Illinois' Republican Senator Charles H. Percy addressed party workers in New Hampshire. California's Republican Governor Ronald Reagan, in office just 100 days as of this week, has already paid three visits to Washington. President Johnson, only recently back from Guam, heads off this week to the Uruguayan resort of Punta del Este for a meeting with Latin American heads of state. Of all the potential candidates, only New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller stayed put—waiting to see how the others run.

Two of the aspirants—Nixon and Romney—are openly seeking the nomination, despite the fact that they still emit "Who, me?" disclaimers for public



JOHNSON & CABINET

"...and everything that we have."

consumption. Both are concerned at having launched their campaigns so early in the game, since relentless exposure over a long period can be deadly. But circumstances forced their hands. In Romney's case, it was a tide of favorable publicity and tellacious polls in the aftermath of his 570,000-vote third-term victory last November. Nixon was prematurely jolted into action by Reagan's sudden rise as a potential challenger for the conservative support that the former Vice President badly needs.

Reagan denies interest in the job. So does Percy. So does Rockefeller, who last year renounced presidential ambitions "forever." But as one G.O.P. leader observed recently, "Nobody ever made a Sherman-like statement except Sherman," and all three men would almost certainly accept the nomination. As Washington news-men put it during last month's Gridiron Club dinner, in a song that was written with Rocky in mind but applies to all the naysayers:

He keeps on dreamin' and schemin',

He still wants that prize.

His lips tell you no! no!

But there's yes! yes! in his eyes.

The Bacon Fryin'. What puts the "yes! yes!" in so many Republicans' eyes is the belief that their revitalized party



WILSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS IN APRIL, 1917

"Everything we are..."



HUMPHREY, U.S. AMBASSADOR CHARLES BOHLEN, AND DE GAULLE
Acquitting himself with wit, charm and persuasiveness.

can capture the White House in '68. "Our people smell the bacon fryin'," draws South Carolina's Republican chairman, Harry Dent. "We know our chances are good. The main thing is to put together a winning combination."

Whether they succeed depends largely on the effectiveness of the moderates, who have considerably more muscle than usual. They command such key states as New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Oregon and Washington. Though the polls and the primaries will figure to a larger extent than in the past in determining the nominee, the moderates nonetheless have an opportunity to exercise pivotal influence in that choice by uniting behind the best possible candidate.

After that, the Republicans will need more than a little luck to unseat L.B.J. Even so, they are convinced that a number of durable shibboleths about presidential politics will not necessarily be working against them in 1968. Among them:

- **THE INVINCIBILITY OF AN INCUMBENT.** Johnson will enjoy an immense publicity edge simply by occupying the White House. But during this century alone, two incumbents have been badly trounced (William Howard Taft in 1912 and Herbert Hoover in 1932) and a third (Harry Truman in 1948) barely escaped defeat.

- **THE POWER OF PROSPERITY.** Boom times do not necessarily ensure that the "in" party will stay in. The Democrats were drubbed in 1952 in the midst of an economic upsurge, and again in 1966 when times were good.

- **DEMOCRATIC UNITY.** Politicians love to note that the Democrats fight ferociously among themselves all the way to the polls, then patch things up and vote as one. That point would no doubt be disputed by Truman, who in 1948

had Henry Wallace's Democrats-turned-Progressives sniping at him from the left and Strom Thurmond's Democrats-turned-Dixiecrats from the right. Lyndon Johnson may face comparable defections next year, with the hot-eyed radicals of the New Left on one side and segregationists behind former Alabama Governor George Wallace on the other.

- **REPUBLICAN DISUNITY.** The fissures were all too evident in 1964, when Goldwater told G.O.P. moderates that they were welcome only on his terms—and Romney, Rockefeller and others "took a powder," as Barry put it. But in earlier campaigns, the party united behind Wendell Wilkie, Tom Dewey and Dwight Eisenhower, even though members of the conservative wing were deeply disappointed that their favorites were not nominated.

Republicans are heartened by the fact that the Democratic National Committee has atrophied, and party organizations in such pivotal states as New York, California, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio—and even Texas—have fallen apart. So far the only real sign of life is in its minorities and nationalities division, where Deputy National Chairman Louis Martin, a Negro, is working to boost Negro registration from 6,163,000 to 8,000,000 by next year.

Once the Negroes are registered, however, there is some doubt how they will vote: a striking fact about U.S. politics in the past third of the century is that there is no longer any such thing as a deliverable vote. Particularly worrisome to Democratic chieftains is the increasing independence of the labor vote, a cornerstone of the urban coalition that Franklin D. Roosevelt structured a generation back. There were significant blue-collar defections

last year in such Democratic strongholds as Denver, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis. Often, rank-and-file resistance to Negro demands is responsible. In the Chicago suburb of Cicero, Democratic Senator Paul Douglas' 1960 vote of 19,678 was cut to 7,823 last year after a series of racial clashes. In a labor area in California's Alameda County, a 59½ Democratic majority in 1962 shifted to a 65½ G.O.P. margin after Stokely Carmichael staged a black-power rally there.

Please Shut Up. Perhaps the most significant fact for Republicans looking toward 1968, however, is that Lyndon Johnson, who three years ago won one of the most sweeping electoral and popular victories in U.S. history, today appears increasingly vulnerable.

In the past year, approval of his performance has slid in the polls from 56½ to 45½. F.D.R. said in 1936: "There's one issue in this campaign. It's myself." In 1968, of course, there will be other issues, but a crucial one will nonetheless be Lyndon Johnson himself. Washington wags emphasize that point with a line they attribute to concerned Democratic officials: "Will the real Lyndon Johnson please shut up?" The real Lyndon Johnson is the one who was molded during 26 years on Capitol Hill; unlike most Presidents, he has shown few signs of personal or intellectual change in the White House. He is still the arm-squeezing, wheedling, wheeling-dealing Majority Leader, sinking into the wings when defeat looms and hogging stage center in victory. Stories of his vindictiveness, his pettiness, his tantrums when the press questions his decisions, have done little to improve that image.

Death & Burial. Around the U.S., there exists what California Pollster Mervin Field describes as "a general

BURTON DEBRAY



ROCKEFELLER & WIFE
Only one Sherman.

uneasiness"—over Viet Nam, high prices, an ever-rising crime rate, the seeming ineradicability of poverty, the restlessness of the younger generation, the increasing use of a whole pharmacopoeia of drugs, from pot to peyote. A Gallup sampling showed that 58% of Americans consider income taxes too high—and the figure will surely swell if Johnson decides to slap a 6% surcharge on income tax rates. If he does not, the Administration may well end the current fiscal year with a deficit of \$13 billion, breaking Ike's peacetime record of \$12.4 billion in 1959. And some Republicans claim that it could go as high as \$25 billion, fueling a serious burst of inflation.

Viet Nam remains at once the biggest, least predictable issue. Should the war last five to ten years, Harvard Economist John Kenneth Galbraith, newly elected chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, warned last week, "this disaster could, indeed, mean the death and burial of the Democratic Party." Few other Democrats share that gloomy view, but the war could cost a covey of doves their Senate seats in 1968. With 23 Democratic seats at stake v. only eleven for the G.O.P., the Democrats' 64-36 Senate majority could be drastically trimmed.

Republicans are uneasy as well. When it comes to taking a stand on Viet Nam in 1968, avers Minnesota's G.O.P. chairman, George Thiss, "about the best we may be able to do with it is what we did last year—weave and dodge and duck and pray."

Unthinkable. Actually, no would-be candidate can avoid taking a stand—and with 67% of the public on record in favor of continued bombing of North Viet Nam, a soft stance may amount to a political death wish. Oregon's Republican Senator Mark Hatfield, who is articulate, attractive and only 44, has virtually ruled himself out of presidential consideration—at least for 1968—with his dovish stance. Bobby Kennedy, who led Lyndon Johnson in popularity polls last October, has fallen behind in the latest samplings, partly because of his criticism of the war.

Similarly, George Romney's five months of ambiguity on Viet Nam cost him considerable support. When he finally stated his position last week, at a dinner celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Hartford Times, it was hard to distinguish from the middle-of-the-road course that Johnson has followed—and the President promptly thanked him for his "strong endorsement."

Romney argued that it was a mistake for the U.S. to become involved in the first place, and maintained that Congress should have been asked to declare war once the involvement in Viet Nam grew as deep as it did. Nonetheless, said Romney, "it is unthinkable that the U.S. withdraw" at this point. "Our military effort must succeed." Defending the need to bomb the North, he added: "We must use military force as necessary to reduce or cut off the flow

of men and supplies from North Viet Nam, to knock out enemy main force units, and to provide a military shield for the South."

Among other potential Republican candidates, Nixon strikes a tougher stance, calling for a blockade of Haiphong harbor and intensified bombing of the North. Reagan says that "a cause worth fighting is a cause worth winning." Rockefeller stands with the President, declaring that Johnson "must back the American commitment to freedom—and we must back him in this commitment." Percy, the least hellicose of the lot, is somewhat ambivalent: he proposes neither an unconditional bombing halt nor an outright pull-out but emphasizes the need to "accelerate the pursuit of peace."

Balance of Power. Domestically, the Great Society is certain to figure as a major issue, and it is by no means cer-

the absence of the exercise of power by the states."

The convention that Warren was addressing represented an attempt by one state to bring its administrative machinery up to date. Michigan revised its constitution back in 1963. Connecticut in 1965: 17 other states are now either revising antiquated charters or considering plans to do so in the near future.

Don't Poison the Well. In fighting the '68 campaign on such slippery issues as war, bureaucracy and personality, Johnson will almost certainly have Hubert Humphrey as his running mate. The President has been leaning on Hubert more and more in recent months. Since Jan. 1, Humphrey has logged 19,700 miles within the U.S., and he has mined no words with party functionaries. To those who complain about Johnson, he says: "Don't poison the well you're go-



NIXON & JAPAN'S PRIME MINISTER EISAKU SATO
Rich with IOUs.

tain to win votes for Lyndon Johnson. "There is not such massive impact in the programs—at least not that much rebounding to the benefit of the Democrats," says former Census Bureau Director Richard Seamon, an astute political observer. "If there were, the Democrats would have won in 1966 without losing a seat."

Underlying the disquiet over the Great Society's goals and achievements is concern that Washington is leaving too little responsibility to the states. Actually, Johnson has been attempting to disperse responsibility by fostering new partnerships involving federal, state and local governments as well as private enterprise. But he has discovered that responsibility is not always welcomed—a point that Chief Justice Earl Warren made last week when he addressed the opening session of New York State's constitutional convention. "One major factor in the concentration of power in the Federal Government," said Warren, "has been

ing to be drinking from next year." To liberals who have parted ways with the President over Viet Nam, he snaps: "You go off in a corner and scream, and then you complain that only the hawks, the wild men, have the President's ear. What kind of stupidity is that?" Once anathema in the South, Humphrey has lately found himself welcome in such places as North Carolina, where the Governor two years ago was roundly criticized for permitting him to sleep in the executive mansion, and Louisiana, where Governor John McKeithen nurses hopes of becoming No. 2 man on a future Humphrey ticket.

Last week the Vice President was on the last lap of his most delicate journey yet—a two-week tour of major European capitals to reassure continental statesmen that, despite its preoccupation with Viet Nam, the U.S. has not forgotten its transatlantic allies. The allies had a number of thorny issues to discuss—from Washington's proposed nuclear non-proliferation treaty with



ROMNEY SPEAKING AT 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARTFORD TIMES
Wanted: the loyalty of Taft, the looks of Teddy, the tongue of Lincoln, the probity of Ike.

Moscow, which they fear will reduce them to second-class status, to their misgivings over Viet Nam. But the Vice President acquitted himself with wit, charm and persuasiveness.

Portrait by Romney. Dining at 10 Downing Street, he delightedly pointed out to Prime Minister Harold Wilson that a painting of William Pitt the Younger bore the signature of George Romney, the 18th century English portraitist. In a private session with 200 British peers and Members of Parliament, left-wing Laborites did their best to bait him, but Humphrey fielded their barbed questions with aplomb, won a standing ovation at the end. "That was a magnificent performance," said Conservative Party Leader Ted Heath. In Bonn, his talks with West Germany's Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger went off smoothly, even though they took place immediately after the news had leaked out that the U.S. is planning a 12,000-man reduction in its Seventh Army. Humphrey heard no complaints about it. During a two-hour luncheon chat with Charles de Gaulle in Paris, the Minnesotan brought France's phlegmatic President to the edge of tears with an ad-libbed toast lauding his place in history.

Having virtually certified Humphrey as his 1968 running mate, Johnson has also opened the way for Hubert's own shot at the presidency in 1972. On the other hand, should Johnson die or become incapacitated before the 1968 convention, Bobby Kennedy might be tempted to challenge Humphrey for the nomination. However, Harry Truman's popularity rating soared to an unbeatable 87% after the presidency was thrust on him, and Humphrey would probably fall heir to a similar fund of sympathy. In any case, according to Kennedy sources, Bobby has no intention of accepting second spot on either a Johnson or a Humphrey ticket.

Kennedy says he will loyally campaign for the ticket in 1968, and has promised to submit sworn affidavits, if need be, to keep his name off primary

ballots in such states as New Hampshire, Nebraska and Oregon. His avid supporters may mount write-in campaigns for him anyway—although they have found little backing thus far in the ranks of regular Democrats. One outfit, the Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright, wrote 5,000 former delegates and alternates to Democratic conventions requesting support, got only 28 positive replies. Said an Oregonian: "The only time I would favor Senator Fulbright for any office would be in the event his opponent was Wayne Morse, in which case I would probably vote for Cassius Clay."

Long-Hair Appeal. Bobby, of necessity, is thus looking toward 1972—though he runs the risk of becoming passe by then. As Psephologist Seamon notes, "The life span of the presidential butterfly is not great." Meanwhile the New York Senator is aiming his appeal at a special constituency. Within five years, 26 million new voters will have come of age, and Kennedy is fond of quoting Goethe's dictum: "The destiny of any nation, at any given time, depends on the opinions of its young men under 25."

In pitching his appeal to the long-haired set, Bobby has moved markedly to the left of Johnson, and despite his pledge of support, he is bound to collide with him on occasion. Already his differences on Viet Nam have exacerbated their relations.

Composite Candidate. Though the Democrats can be expected to brawl right up to election eve 1968, they at least have settled the most bitterly divisive issue of all—who their candidates will be. The Republicans are just getting started, and some rough mileage stretches ahead. The ideal candidate would have to be a G.O.P.-style L.B.J., only with the charisma and the capacity to unify all factions and win an election. He would have to be something like the composite superfigure in the 100 Pipers Scotch ads—one with the party loyalty of a Taft, the looks of a Teddy Roosevelt, the tongue of a Lincoln, the hu-

manitarianism of a Hoover, and the probity of an Eisenhower.

Richard Milhous Nixon, 54, hardly fits that description, but he is the man who is best equipped to unite the party. He already has a strong hold on the South—and thanks to a bonus rule adopted at the 1964 G.O.P. Convention, giving extra delegates to states that went for Goldwater or elected a Republican Governor or Senator, the South will have more votes than any other section at the convention (356 v. 355 for the East, 352 for the Midwest, 262 for the West, eight for Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands). Nixon could well enter the convention with 450 of the 667 votes needed for nomination. In addition, he has scores of IOUs from the 1966 campaign, when he traveled 30,000 miles (more than when he ran for President) in 35 states, often shaving three times a day to erase that famous five-o'clock shadow.

But—and there is always a but when Nixon's name is mentioned—he has not won an election on his own since 1950. Though he is the favorite of party regulars, they want a winner, and they wonder whether he is the man. "What's Nixon done that makes him any more electable than he was four years ago?" asks a party professional. "We've got to stop handing out medals for duty performed in campaigns."

Likability Gap. To prove that he can win, Nixon must thus enter every primary in sight. His aides are planning an all-out effort in his behalf in New Hampshire's March 12 first-in-the-nation primary, and are looking into the Wisconsin, Nebraska and Oregon contests. They acknowledge that Nixon suffers from a "likability gap," and that might prove his greatest drawback. Nixon, who has yet to live down the 1960 campaign slur "Would you buy a used car from this man?" may be the Republican least capable of exploiting Johnson's personality gap. He is probably the longest of all G.O.P. long shots. As one Republican leader puts it: "The only way Nixon could win the nomina-

tion would be if it were clear that any Republican could win—or that no Republican could win.

Cut, Squeeze, Trim. Should Nixon stumble, the ideal fallback candidate, to conservatives, would be Reagan, 56. William Buckley's *National Review* calls him "as strong a candidate as the Republican Party can field."

Reagan, of course, denies any such aspirations. "Look," he says with a winning smile and a nervous tug at his right ear, "I am not a candidate for President. I have a pretty big job right here." He does, indeed. Elected by nearly 1,000,000 votes on a promise to "cut, squeeze and trim" spending, he has submitted the largest state budget in U.S. history—\$5.06 billion. Having promised to keep taxes down, he has proposed the biggest one-shot tax increase ever—\$946 million.

His efforts at economizing—by proposing cuts in spending for higher education and mental health—have caused well-publicized uprisals, but 67.8% of Californians say that they approve of his plans. The rest of the nation, while withholding judgment, is certainly intrigued with him. Where former Governor Pat Brown used to attract a dozen reporters and two or three TV cameras to press conferences, Reagan draws 50 reporters and a dozen big cameras.

Despite his disclaimers, many Republicans are convinced that Reagan has caught the presidential bug. He will head California's big delegation at the convention as a favorite son. He probably will make several forays into neighboring Oregon before next May's primary, may also be on the ballot in Nebraska and Wisconsin. To withdraw, says his press secretary, "would call to mind a picture of the citizens of the country knocking on the door and telling you they want you to be President, and you slam the door in their face."

Many moderate Republicans are hoping that somebody will slam the door on Reagan. In an venomous editorial on "Creeping Reaganism" in its monthly newsletter, the liberal Ripon Society said that his candidacy would turn 1968 into a year of "disaster and disunity" rivaling 1964. "It is a misreading of the '64 election," it said, "to think that a better-manicured man, lacking Goldwater's crusty honesty, can turn the same programs into victory for the Republican Party."

Tax-Guzzling Dinosaur. Since November, the man with the best chance of winning has seemed to be George Wilcken Romney, 59. Exploiting that considerable appeal, he has adopted as the motto for a newsletter published by his supporters: "Winning is the name of the game."

But can he win? He still outruns Johnson and Kennedy in preference polls, though his margin has been decreasing. He has the square-jawed, silver-fringed good looks for the job, an unbroken string of victories and an unblemished personal life. He can enrapture a sympathetic audience, as he did in the conservative mountain states recently, by charging that "the Great Society has grown into a tax-guzzling dinosaur"—an echo from the days when he and American Motors' little Rambler were doing battle with Detroit's "gas-guzzling dinosaurs." Despite the Mormon Church's relegation of Negroes to second-class status, Romney, a faithful churchgoer who tithes his salary and abstains from liquor, caffeine and cigarettes, has a spotless civil rights record.

Nonetheless, Romney's moderate supporters are growing skeptical of his ability to cope with the pressures of a national campaign. Before his Hartford speech, he announced that he would not answer newsmen's questions afterward "because I don't intend to let reporters



PERCY

Ahead of the timetable.

divert attention from what I'm trying to say." It was a damaging admission of his reluctance to expose himself to the kind of grilling that a presidential candidate must endure daily—even hourly. He is also in trouble at home, where the state senate has rejected his proposals to levy personal and corporate income taxes in order to avoid a \$147 million deficit.

Increasingly, Romney has become the butt of the kind of jokes that can kill a candidate. One, referring to his sometimes sanctimonious air, goes: "It's all right for George to want to be President, but I object to his using the White House as a steppingstone." Another: "Deep down, he's shallow." When his supporters opened a special research office in Lansing, some dubbed it "George Romney's Office of Presidential Exploration—GROPE."

Twweedledum & Twweedledee. Given Romney's drawbacks, some moderates are shifting uneasily in their seats and looking elsewhere. Many an eye has fallen on Charles Harting Percy, 47, the junior Senator from Illinois. Percy is not trying to build a shadow opposition. He clearly aspires to higher office, but he would rather run in 1972, when he just might wind up in a Twweedledum-Tweedledee confrontation with Bobby Kennedy, who resembles him in many ways.

Nevertheless, Percy has run ahead of his personal timetable in the past—most notably when he became president of Bell & Howell at 29, ten years before he expected to. In speeches from New England to the West Coast, he has impressed audiences with his articulateness and quickness of mind. He has a reservoir of sympathy as a result of the still-unsolved murder of his daughter Valerie last September. In the Senate, Percy got off to a whirlwind start, persuading 27 colleagues to co-sponsor a bill calling for a Government-supported private corporation to help slum residents buy their own dwellings.

Though a liberal, Percy has kept his channels to the conservatives unclogged, could expect some support should the



REAGAN WITH GIRL SCOUTS
Intrigued but withholding judgment.



LINDSAY



KENNEDY

No hammerlocks at the moment.

front-running candidates stumble. "I like Chuck," says Barry Goldwater, whom Percy supported in 1964. "I've worked for him, he's worked for me. I'd support him." But Percy's chief problem is inexperience, which is only accentuated by his boish looks.

"Not Me." That leaves among the Republican potentials the uncle of Percy's son-in-law—Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, whose nephew John D. Rockefeller IV two weeks ago married Percy's daughter, Sharon, the twin sister of Valerie. At 58, Rocky seems more at ease, more confident and more attractive than ever. When the presidential campaign is mentioned, he murmurs, "No, no. Not me." He says he will have his name withdrawn from any primary in which it is entered. He has made no move to round up delegates.

Like Romney and Reagan, he has had his problems with a balky legislature, but he has written a record that may be hard to match. His masterpiece is a \$2.5 billion transportation bond issue that commits New York State to spend more on modernizing its subway, surface and air lines than Lyndon Johnson is spending on transportation across the entire U.S.

As a potential presidential nominee, he has grave drawbacks. Four years and two babies after his celebrated divorce and remarriage, his name still evokes indignant sniffs from many women—particularly matrons in their 40s. His refusal to support Goldwater made him a villain to the Republican right. But if the conservatives want a winner, it is conceivable that they might help him toward the nomination. In any case, it will probably take considerable public arm-twisting by G.O.P. powers to coax the reluctant Rocky into the arena. It might well prove worth the effort. He is a proved campaigner, effective in the big cities and clearly a match for L.B.J., in both ex-

perience and expertise. On foreign policy, Rocky, a former Assistant Secretary of State for American Republic Affairs, can claim a background in practical policymaking unequalled by the other G.O.P. aspirants.

One top-ranking Republican estimates that 22 of the 25 G.O.P. Governors think he would make the best candidate the party could put up. Jack Kennedy admitted after his eyelash victory over Nixon in 1960 that Rocky might have beaten him. With Lyndon Johnson in low esteem among many Democrats and among the independents, who now comprise 27% of U.S. voters vs. 46% for the Democrats, 27% Republicans, Rockefeller could probably collect more of their votes than any other Republican.

Other names will doubtless crop up as the field begins forming: Ohio's Governor James Rhodes, who won a second term by a landslide 700,000 votes in November, though some of his colleagues consider him a lightweight; General William Westmoreland, though he would have to come home with a clear-cut victory in Viet Nam and that is at best a remote possibility. As for potential Vice Presidents, the country is crawling with them. There are Washington's Governor Daniel Evans, Rhode Island's Governor John Chafee, Massachusetts' Senator Edward Brooke and New York's Senator Jacob Javits, the only one who has publicly been courting the post. If he continues to perform as effectively as he has to date in the near-impossible job of running New York City, Mayor John V. Lindsay, 45, will surely rate consideration for a vice-presidential nomination—and eventually, perhaps, even for the top spot on the G.O.P. ticket.

Out of the Doorway. Clouding the whole presidential picture is Alabama's Wallace, a magnum of mischief in a half-pint package. If Wallace does in-

deed run as a third-party candidate, warns Goldwater, "he'll take votes away from Republicans," probably in the very Southern states that Barry carried in 1964: Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina.

Wallace has already opened campaign headquarters in Montgomery's Ten-High Building. "If these two national parties continue on their present trend of liberalism and me-tooism, we'll be a candidate," he promises. "There is more grass-roots support for us than you can imagine. You just talk to the workingman—to steelworkers, taxi drivers, barbers and people who really run this country."

Capitalizing on the low-income white voter's alarm at Negro unrest, Wallace won 30% of the vote in the 1964 Indiana presidential primary, 34% in Wisconsin, an amazing 43% in Maryland. Given a few major ghetto riots this summer, some rabble-rousing black-power speeches by Stokely Carmichael and a few more statements from Martin Luther King comparing the U.S. role in Viet Nam to Hitler's in Europe, Wallace might even improve on that performance. But he has failed to win the expected backing of Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox. Moreover, Wallace's favorite pitches—for states' rights and against integration—may lose some of their punch when voters begin to realize that Alabama gets 75% of its welfare budget from the evil Government in Washington, that 300 Negroes are attending the University of Alabama now that George is no longer standing in the doorway, and that even his old high school in Clio has ten Negro students.

Understandably, Las Vegas book-



THIRD-PARTY ASPIRANT WALLACE
Half-pint magnum of mischief.

makers offer no odds—even unofficial odds—on the 1968 presidential contest. They figure that the betting on this race should be left to amateurs and madmen.

It is not even safe to say, for example, that Johnson would be a shoo-in if he ended the Viet Nam war. Ironically, the G.O.P. could benefit, since there would then be no hesitation about "changing horses in midstream," and the key issues would become the President's personality and his management of the Great Society.

The Big Difference. One safe assumption is that the G.O.P. Convention will not be "deadlocked": the day is long past when it can take 103 ballots to nominate a candidate, as it did at the 1924 Democratic Convention. Nor, since roughly a dozen Republicans plan to enter the convention as favorite sons and thus will not begin transferring their delegates to the leading candidates until after one or two votes have been taken, will it by any means be a preset minut. But the nominee should emerge fairly quickly—and without the bruising ideological schism that marred the 1964 convention.

The big difference in 1968 will be that the moderates should be in a sufficiently strong position to prevent such a battle and to select a candidate—whichever he may be—with a realistic chance of winning the election. Thus the most reassuring outlook for '68 is that whichever party and candidate may capture the presidency, the global and domestic commitments of the American people will be little changed.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Progress Above Politics

Larry O'Brien, who made his name as an astute political strategist and for the past 17 months has been one of the most progress-minded Postmasters General in history, last week put progress above politics by urging that his department be reorganized from top to mail drop. In the process, he proposed the abolition of his own job.

Before a joint meeting of the Magazine Publishers Association and the American Society of Magazine Editors in Washington, O'Brien advocated a radically new setup under which 1) a government-owned corporation would replace the present Cabinet-level department, 2) responsibility for operations would be vested in a board of directors nominated by the President and confirmed by Congress, and 3) the board would select a professional administrator to run the service.

Sweet & Pungent. Any less-stringent reform, O'Brien argued, could only be "painful and difficult" because of the "restrictive jungle of legislation and custom that has grown up around the Post Office Department." If the telephone system were run as the mails are, he said, "the carrier pigeon business would still have a great future." In view of the postal service's snowballing problems (TIME, Dec. 30), the idea of a quasi-

independent agency similar to the Tennessee Valley Authority offers some compelling advantages.

Congress has long relied on the postal service as a tub of sweet-and-pungent pork. Instead of using the patronage system, which has hurt morale and impeded efficiency, the corporation could promote on merit. Another major problem has been the Post Office's archaic technical facilities: with construction programs pressured on one side by budget vagaries and on the other by congressional logrolling, it has tended to be more interested in concrete than computers—though even its buildings are inadequate. The agency envisioned by



POSTMASTER GENERAL O'BRIEN
To clear the jungle.

O'Brien would sell bonds for capital improvements and help amortize them by including commercial space in Post Office buildings.

Under the present setup, the Postmaster General has only limited control over his department; Congress sets rates, wages and other regulations, sometimes with devastating results. The 89th Congress adopted a rule governing employees' work schedules that had the unintended effect of adding 45,000 men. Under O'Brien's scheme, Congress would do no more than establish broad guidelines to determine how much of the postal service should be financed by general appropriations and how much by users' fees. After that, the corporation would be on its own.

Testing the Wind. The changeover would not be easy. One obvious problem would be the status of nearly 700,000 employees now under the civil service system. Another prickly question would be whether, under a corporate system, postal strikes could be outlawed, as they are today.

While earlier proposals for reorganizing the postal service have been shelved, this one—developed by an

O'Brien study group—has some chance of fruition. The initial reaction from Congress, the postal unions and major postal users was generally favorable. President Johnson has accepted O'Brien's blueprint, at least to the extent of testing the wind, and last week appointed a commission to study it.

Meanwhile, the Administration must make the present system work. Last week Johnson sent to Congress his recommendations for increases in both postal charges and employee compensation. First-class mail would go up 1¢ an ounce, while the cost of second-, third- and fourth-class mail would increase between 2½¢ and 28½¢. When fully effective, the increases would bring in an additional \$800 million a year. Pay for employees would go up 4.5%.

As for O'Brien's reorganization scheme, a top Post Office official remarked that "if anyone can put it across, he can." Which would make the Postmaster General not only the best of his breed but also the last.

THE WAR

Hanoi's Pavlovians

The walk-on took only four minutes, but its Orwellian impact unsettled even hard-boiled Communist newsmen. Through a curtained doorway in Hanoi marched a husky American prisoner of war clad in purple and cream striped pajamas. He looked healthy enough, except for his eyes: as the strobe lights winked, they remained as fixed and flat as blazer buttons. Then, at a word from his captors, the American bowed deeply from the waist like a Manchurian candidate, repeating the abject gesture in all directions about a dozen times. At another command, he turned on his sandaled heel and marched stiffly from the room.

The prisoner was Lieut. Commander Richard A. Stratton, 35, a U.S. Navy fighter pilot from the U.S.S. *Ticonderoga* who was downed over the North last Jan. 5. His Pavlovian performance in Hanoi—witnessed last month by American Freelance Photographer Lee Lockwood and reported last week in LIFE—raised fears that the Communists were once again resorting to the inhuman brainwashing techniques whose widespread use during the Korean War horrified the world. U.S. Ambassador-at-Large W. Averell Harriman warned that "it would be a matter of the gravest concern" if that were the case, and the State Department demanded that Hanoi allow the International Committee of the Red Cross to visit and examine the U.S. prisoners held in the North.

Peculiar Peccavi. There are presently 150 to 200 Americans held prisoner in North Viet Nam, and from them the

Some congressional critics argue that in the case of third-class mail—now amounting to 20 billion pieces a year—the increase is insufficient, since such mail includes a great number of unsolicited brochures and advertisements and needs a yearly subsidy of \$265 million as the Post Office now allocates costs.

Communists claim to have extracted more than 20 "confessions." Ho Chi Minh still believes that he will win the war by default, and the apparent aim of his prisoners' confessions is to convince the world that U.S. fighting men are sick of the war and guilt-racked over their "criminal" behavior in bombing North Viet Nam.

The confessions sound bizarre indeed to anyone familiar with American parlance. Last November, for instance, Radio Havana carried a peculiar peccavi, purportedly in the voice of Commander Jeremiah A. Denton, U.S.N. 485087, U.S.S. *Independence*. Sorrowfully admitting his "vicious, revolting crimes" in bombing "the innocent people and civilian buildings of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam," the recorded

LEE LOCKWOOD, BLACK STAR—LIFE



NAVY PILOT STRATTON
Eyes like blazer buttons.

confession continued: "The brave and determined workers of an anti-aircraft battery shot down my aircraft." The tape went on to heap praise on "the kindness of heart of the Vietnamese government and people." It made Commander Denton sound just like the boy next door—to any boy in Hanoi.

Stratton's taped "confession," which was played for Photographer Lockwood and 100 other spectators just before the grotesque bowing scene, was almost as ludicrous. "The second of December was to be an air-wing strike on the suburbs of Hanoi," it said, for which "antipersonnel weapons were chosen to inflict maximum damage on the population. Privately most of the pilots were appalled at the pacific nature of the target. It was inwardly ashamed at being such a coward."

Artful Dodger. The hallmark of such "confessions" is their invariable reference to the "brave" American flier who refused to go on the criminal mission. Stratton's tape refers to a "Lieut. (j.g.) John Parks" who refused to drop his

ordnance on the civilian population of Nam Dinh, and was court-martialed when he returned to the carrier. In fact, no American pilot has ever been court-martialed for failing to drop his ordnance.

The obvious conclusion is that the confessions are made by Hanoi's commissars and taped by American-educated announcers. In Commander Stratton's case, Photographer Lockwood speculated that the prisoner might have been drugged rather than brainwashed. One artful dodger who beat the system was Lieut. Commander Charles Tanner, 34, from Covington, Tenn., who solemnly declared that two fellow pilots on the U.S.S. *Coral Sea* refused to fly their missions, were court-martialed and dishonorably discharged. The officers' names, subsequently trumpeted by Hanoi: Lieut. Commander Ben Casey and Lieut. Clark Kent.

However the confessions are concocted, or even extracted, the North Vietnamese clearly have not yet succeeded in washing horse sense or humor from many American brains. By contrast with the Korean War's Communist captors, whose mind-manipulative techniques succeeded most notably with undereducated, unmotivated Army draftees, Hanoi's Pavlovs have to contend with sophisticated career men, most of them field-grade officers, who generally advocate intensified bombing of North Viet Nam. Hanoi's efforts so far only accentuate North Viet Nam's endemic ignorance of Western idiom, intellect and ideology.

Patton's Peer

During a speech in Nashville last month, Lyndon Johnson promised to send to Viet Nam more topflight military leaders, "the best that this country has been able to produce." Delivering on that pledge the President last week announced the assignment to Saigon of General Creighton Abrams Jr., a World War II hero who is rated the ruggedest combat commander in the U.S. Army. He will become No. 2 man to General William Westmoreland, commander of all U.S. forces in South Viet Nam.

Abe Abrams, 52, has been Army Vice Chief of Staff since September 4, 1964, the day he pinned on his fourth star. He will take over from Lieut. General John A. Heintges, who has been named Deputy U.S. Army Commander in Europe. The appointment of a full general to replace a lieutenant general underscores speculation that Abrams will ultimately succeed Westmoreland. Abrams, who has just returned from his third inspection tour of the war zone, considers the present U.S. force level (435,000) in Viet Nam "about right."

Fightin'est Footballer. Abrams' assignment engendered a mixture of awe and anticipation among military and civilian officials in Saigon. The son of a railroad hand, he was born in Springfield, Mass. At West Point, where he was known as the "fightin'est man" on the football squad, he claims that his

only distinction was an aversion to discipline. After cavalry training at Fort Bliss, Texas, Abrams joined the 4th Armored Division at its formation in 1941, stayed with it through the war.

As commander of the 37th Tank Battalion, Abrams rode point in the race from Normandy to the Rhine in a string of command tanks—each of which he named Thunderbolt. He spearheaded the column that relieved the encircled 101st Airborne Division at Bastogne during the Battle of the Bulge. Often cut off himself, the cigar-chomping tanker once said: "They've got us surrounded again, the poor bastards." Abrams' embrace of battle earned him the unqualified admiration of his fiery Third Army Commander, George Patton: "I'm supposed to be the

PAUL CONLIN



GENERAL ABRAMS
Man for all Thunderbolts.

best tank commander in the Army, but I have one peer—Abe Abrams."

Firepower & Mass Attack. After World War II, Abrams made a smooth transition to staff officer, attended Command and General Staff College and the Army War College, rewrote a book on armored tactics, then served as a corps chief in Korea. In 1960, after a series of U.S. staff assignments, he was given command of the 3rd Armored Division in West Germany—in time for the Berlin crisis of 1961. Next year Abrams returned to the U.S. as Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Military Operations for Civil Affairs, and had the unlikely task of quelling riots at Birmingham and the University of Mississippi.

An advocate of overwhelming firepower and the shock value of mass attack, Abrams will take to the battle an unalloyed respect for the men he will soon command. After his most recent slog through the boonies of South Viet Nam, he said: "You can't go out there and talk with the soldiers and officers without coming away inspired."

ARMED FORCES

The Pilot Pinch

As Defense Secretary Robert McNamara never tires of pointing out, Viet Nam has necessitated neither the mobilization of reserves nor the imposition of wage-and-price controls at home. Yet the war has inevitably caused strains and shortages, none of them potentially more perilous than the dwindling supply of military aviators. Ironically, the attrition has resulted not so much from the hazards of Hanoi's MIGs and anti-aircraft batteries as from the built-in competitiveness of American society in the jet and space age.

All four services—Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force—are flying thin. Though there are pilots enough to fill every cockpit in Southeast Asia, the same cannot be said throughout the rest of the world. Marine Corps Commandant Wallace Greene last month told the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee that his service is now 851 aviators short and by 1968 will be 1,021 pilots in the hole; Chief of Naval Operations David McDonald admits to "urgent pilot needs"; Air Force Chief of Staff J. P. McConnell worries about the "downward trend" in pilot retention. The Army, whose 3,800 helicopter pilots in Viet Nam have virtually revolutionized the art of warfare, has more than tripled its output of chopper jockeys in the past year, but still lacks enough trained pilots to man all of its birds in Europe and the U.S.

Bright Young Men. Two factors account for the present pilot pinch: low training quotas in the early 1960s, plus the serious drain imposed by the U.S. civilian airlines, which need 6,000 new pilots every year to man rapidly expanding jet fleets and get 85% of them from the Navy and Air Force (which spend more than \$150,000 to train each of them). "Look," explains one frustrated Air Force general, "we send a guy to Viet Nam for a year. Then he's supposed to be reunited with his family, but he's sent to Spain and spends an awful lot of time doing gunnery practice in Turkey or Libya. He's still away from his family 270 days out of the year. Pretty soon his wife remembers the American Airlines ad and says, 'They're looking for bright young men and you're a bright young man...'" To stop that drain, the Navy recently proposed a three-year moratorium on airline hiring of military pilots.

Already the services have replaced some bright, energetic young men with older, more senior pilots who normally would be flying subsonic desks in the Pentagon or stateside bases. McNamara himself recently ordered a screening of 1,864 Washington-based fliers to see if their jobs could not be held down by nonaviators. Stepped-up recruitment and training programs in all services should overcome the slump eventually, but as one Navy captain lamented: "We won't be well until sometime between 1971 and 1974."

LABOR

The Guns of April

Union contracts covering 3,100,000 workers expire in 1967, and already the storm signals are up. "If we get by April without a major crisis," Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service Director William E. Simkin said last month, "maybe we will be well on the way." April was only eight days old when the crisis broke.

Last week Trucking Employers, Inc., representing nearly 1,500 trucking firms, announced a nationwide lockout in retaliation against scattered strikes by local Teamsters Union members. The lockout idled a quarter-million Teamsters and stalled trucks that carry 65% of the freight hauled on the nation's

prisoned Jimmy Hoffa) was demanding an hourly pay increase of 56¢ over the next three years and 21¢ in fringe benefits for the 250,000 members involved. The Teamsters' now average between \$3.25 and \$3.80 an hour. The truckers offered 50¢ wage hikes with added benefits worth 12¢.

• **RAILROADS** Six shopcraft unions were demanding a 7% pay hike the first year and a 5% increase in the second year for their 137,000 machinists, boilermakers, car men, electricians, firemen and oilers. The workers now average between \$2.81 to \$3.40 an hour. The railroads offered a 5% salary boost.

Lesser labor disputes flared across the nation. Contracts covering 75,000 rubber workers at Goodyear, Firestone, Goodrich and Uniroyal run out April



TEAMSTERS PICKETING IN SCITUATE, MASS.
Threat to the fundamental supply lines.

highways. If a swift agreement was not reached, the Federal Government appeared ready to invoke the Taft-Hartley Act, calling for an 80-day truce, in which work would resume and bargaining continue.

Helpless to Act. The truckers' lockout coincided with chilly negotiations between craft unions and 138 of the nation's railroads. The union men set this week for a strike that, if it occurs while the truckers are out, could create the worst transportation snarl in the nation's history. The Government has already invoked the Railroad Labor Act's 60-day grace period to prevent a strike and now is helpless to act beyond presidential persuasion or special authority from Congress or the courts. A rail strike could idle up to 630,000 workers, halt commuter service and sidetrack as much as 30% of all military traffic.

At Issue:

• **TRUCKING.** Fifteen cents divided the Teamsters and the trucking firms. The union (negotiating a major contract for the first time since 1958 without im-

20 Although Washington observers were optimistic that a strike would be avoided, an industry leader has already hinted that rubber prices are likely to go up as a result of expected increased labor costs of as much as 6%. More than 12,000 members of the Communications Workers of America have voted strike authorization to their negotiators with Western Electric Co., Inc., where their contract expired March 25. Talks have been held under day-to-day extensions. In strikes already under way in television and radio (see *STOW BUSINESS*), at New York's Aqueduct Race Track (see *SPORT*), and by dairy-men of the National Farmers Organization, there seemed little hope of an overnight settlement.

Labor Legislation. Even before the trucking crisis, Congress was apprehensive. Colorado's Republican Senator Peter H. Dominick criticized President Johnson for scheduling a trip to South America this week, when "our fundamental supply lines are about to be threatened by a strike." And two Re-

publican Senators, New York's Jacob Javits and California's Thomas H. Kuchel, proposed a bill that would allow the Government to seek through the courts authority to keep struck industries operating in order "to protect the public health and safety."

If the disputes continue, Congress is likely to hear many more demands for tightened federal control over strikes that threaten the nation's economy and war effort.

CHICAGO

King Richard the Fourth

In the euphoric aftermath of his upset victory over Illinois' three-term Senator Paul Douglas last fall, Charles Percy tramped the executive suites in search of a fellow Republican who might unseat Chicago's seigniorial mayor, Richard Daley. One after another, the big-name businessmen he approached turned Percy down. Most of the G.O.P. non-candidates told him that they supported Daley.

Eventually, Percy and other top Republicans were forced to find a sacrificial lamb. Last week the lamb was ritually slaughtered as Daley, 64, walked off with his fourth term by a margin of more than half a million votes. The mayor racked up 789,163—73% of the total ballots cast—while his opponent, John Waner, a prosperous, self-made heating contractor, tallied 272,955. Even in the Negro wards, from which the Democrats feared a strong protest vote, Daley outdrew Waner 5 to 1.

The lopsided outcome had been all but preordained. Waner, 52, a diligent, longtime Republican precinct captain, was little known to the public. He remained all but unrecognized this year as he funneled \$100,000 of his own money into a woefully underfunded campaign. The son of Polish immigrants, Waner (*the Jan Wojnarowski*) confessed at one point: "My English ain't so good. I

didn't learn it until I was nine." Waner alienated Chicago's militant civil rights groups by opposing open housing, then blundered into a vow to fire Chicago's able Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson, whom he labeled a "\$30,000-a-year con artist."

Even with a blue-ribbon candidate and a more expertly managed campaign, the G.O.P. would probably have fared little better. Daley is an autocrat, a Democrat and a bureaucrat in that order, and handles all three roles with zeal and efficiency. Though skeptics might reverse his slogan—"Good government is good politics"—King Richard has made it work well enough to satisfy the "big mules" of Chicago's power structure. Nudged by the nation's most formidable political machine, the city's rank-and-file voters agreed.

TRIALS

Masakit in Peoria

"Now," said the prosecutor, "if you see that same man in the courtroom today who came to your bedroom door on Wednesday night, July 13, 1966, would you please step down and point him out?"

It was a classic courtroom line. Yet when Assistant State's Attorney William Martin from Chicago put the question last week in Peoria, Ill., the words cast a galvanic spell over the room. In response to the prosecutor's question, Corazón Pieza Amurao, 24, stepped down from the witness stand. The pretty petite (4 ft. 10 in.) Philippine girl, who alone survived the massacre last summer in which eight fellow student nurses were stabbed or strangled to death in a South Side Chicago apartment, walked toward Defendant Richard F. Speck, 25, and raised her hand toward his head. "This," she said firmly, "is the man."

That confrontation, carried out with a minimum of emotion and a maximum of drama, climaxed the first week of the trial. Speck, who has received more careful legal and physical protection than any other murder suspect in recent history (his trial was shifted from Chicago for fear of adverse publicity), is represented by Public Defender Gerald Getty, 53, none of whose 80 odd murder defendants has ever received a death sentence. The accused, sometime merchant seaman and ex-convict, seemed to have been crossed up only by the one event of July 13 that the killer had overlooked. By rolling under a bunk while the murderer left her roommates to the slaughter, Miss Amurao had escaped his attention while watching his movements.

Momentary Tears. During three hours of direct examination by Prosecutor Martin and 13 hours of cross-examination by Getty, Corazón remained unshaken and—except for a few momentary tears—unsentimental. She accounted in cool syllables for each of the wood blocks, labeled with her former roommates' names, that Martin removed from a scale model of the five-room



AMURAO ARRIVING AT COURTHOUSE
Cool syllables for each wooden block.

apartment where the girls were killed. As Martin lifted the block labeled Merlita Gargullo (another Filipina who had moved into the apartment two months before the killings), she offered the recollection that the murderer had asked Merlita: "Do you know karate?"

The killer took 20 to 40 minutes between slayings, as he led his victims from the back upstairs bedroom to the street-front rooms where the slaughter took place. At one point, a neighbor—blonde Tammy Sioukoff, 20, another student nurse who lived near by—rang the doorbell, hoping to borrow a couple of slices of bread to make a sandwich for her boy friend; the killer kept the girls quiet by advising them: "Don't be afraid! I'm not going to kill you." Miss Sioukoff went away.

Final Victim. Corazón said that the killer later asked Patricia Matusek, 21, who was wearing a yellow nightgown: "Are you the girl with the yellow dress?" It was a possible confirmation that he had watched the girls enter and leave the apartment from a park near by. Apparently none of the victims put up a violent struggle, according to the survivor, though three of the girls had cried "ah!" in muffled voices. One of the Philippine nurses cried "masakit!"—Tagalog for "it hurts."

When the killer came to his eighth and final victim, pretty, blonde Gloria Davy, 22, he flattened her on the bed across from the one under which Miss Amurao was hiding. In agonizing detail, the witness described a rape that lasted 20 or 25 minutes. None of the other girls had apparently been sexually assaulted and, curiously enough, even the coroner's inquest on Gloria Davy had not revealed any clinical evidence of rape. That one fact seemed to indicate the motive and the madness of the killer, a man who may have been impotent, yet so desperate to prove his virility that he would murder eight girls to do so.



DALEY & WIFE
Autocrat, Democrat, bureaucrat.

Token Comeuppance

Before pronouncing sentence in Washington last week, Federal Judge Oliver Gracch looked down from the bench at Robert G. Baker and said: "Mr. Baker, you may speak if you wish." Said Bobby: "I have nothing. Your Honor." Thereupon Baker, 38, who was convicted last January 29 on charges that read like a white-collar crime wave—seven counts of income tax evasion, grand larceny, fraud, conspiracy and transportation of stolen money—got almost nothing in the way of punishment. Though the maximum possible sentence was 48 years in jail and fines of \$47,000, he was not fined, received a jail term of only one to three years. He would thus be eligible for parole, with time off for good behavior, after serving 347 days. Appeals are expected to stave off even that token comeuppance for several months. Meanwhile the former Senate page is free to pursue his diverse business interests.

THE CONGRESS

Shoo on the Other Foot

In 1965, Adam Clayton Powell voted to exclude from the House of Representatives five members-elect from Mississippi—even though the delegation met all constitutional requirements for admission. All were over 25, U.S. citizens and residents of the state they sought to represent. Now that the shoo is on the other foot, Powell contends that Congress has no constitutional right to deny him his own seat in Congress. Last week his suit based on this argument was thrown out of Federal District Court in Washington.

Judge George Hart Jr. refused to rule on the merits of Powell's case. Declaring that the historic separation of judicial and legislative powers deprived the court of jurisdiction, Hart added to a dictum of Justice Felix Frankfurter's with the observation: "For this court to order any member of the House of Representatives, any officer of the House or any employee of the House to do or not to do any act related to the organization of membership of that House would be for the court to crash through a political thick- et into political quicksand."

This week Powell faced another test, an election in New York's 18th Congressional District to fill the vacancy caused by his exclusion. There was no doubt that Powell would win at the polls, but his victory could well be meaningless, since the House has already voted, 307 to 116, to bar him from the 90th Congress. There remains, however, the possibility that the House will relent. Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, chairman of the select commit-

tee that recommended that Powell be seated but penalized, predicts that the House will now admit the prodigal.

As if Powell did not have enough litigation already, his third wife, Yvette Diago Powell, filed suit against him last week in Puerto Rico. She charged non-support of herself and their four-year-old son, asked \$1,500 a month.

CRIME

Merchandise Returned

IMPORTANT IMPORTANT IMPORTANT. screamed the note on the boy's bed. The warning was hardly necessary. Missing from the bed was Kenneth Young, 11. He had been kidnapped while sleeping in his Beverly Hills home.

The note told Herbert Young, 35, president of Los Angeles' Gibraltar Financial Corp. (assets: \$423.5 million), exactly how to get his son back—alive. Young was instructed to take a \$250,000 ransom to a West Los Angeles filling station two days after the kidnapping; there he was to wait for a ring on the pay phone at exactly 6 p.m. If he told the police or failed to follow instructions, "the merchandise"—Kenneth—would be "vindictively destroyed."

No one doubted it for a minute. Though Beverly Hills police and FBI agents were quickly brought into the case, not a word of the kidnapping leaked out to the public. Young even took his two other sons out of school when one of them bragged that his brother had been kidnapped. Clutching the ransom in an overnight bag, Young followed instructions exactly. At 6 p.m., the pay phone rang and he was told by the kidnaper to go to a second station. There, about 45 minutes later, a man drove up in a white Chevrolet, motioning Young to follow him. Along a dark stretch of Sepulveda Boulevard, the kidnaper

pulled over and got out to take the money. "He had his left hand free," Young recounted, "but his right hand was in his jacket. I didn't see a gun."

Eight hours later, Kenneth, left by his abductor in a car in Santa Monica, knocked on the door of an apartment, and—clad only in shorts and socks—asked to use the telephone, shyly explaining to the man who answered the door that he had been kidnapped. "Dad," he said into the phone, "I got away and I'm all right. I'm awfully tired. Would you come and pick me up?"

"I Wasn't Scared," Kenneth had been well enough treated, though his head had been shaved so that a blindfold could be taped securely over his eyes, and he had been given sleeping pills to make him drowsy. Kept in one room, he had been fed TV dinners, soup and meat loaf. Otherwise, it had clearly been something of an adventure for the eleven-year-old. "I didn't feel chicken about it," he told reporters. "On the first day, he said I would be home Wednesday night. I wasn't scared except when he showed me the gun."

Whoever "he" was—the FBI was uncertain whether one person or more were involved—the kidnaper had considerable knowledge about the Youngs. He knew the layout of their house, the names of Kenneth's maternal grandparents, probably even the Youngs' unlisted telephone number: six calls had been received while Kenneth was gone, with the caller silently hanging up each time. The FBI was confident that he would be captured: of 740 kidnappings investigated previously under the Lindbergh Act, all but four have been solved. At week's end, hunkers across the nation were being given serial numbers of the \$250,000 (all in \$100 bills). It was the biggest ransom ever paid in the U.S. that ended in the safe return of a kidnap victim.



KENNETH YOUNG BACK HOME WITH PARENTS IN BEVERLY HILLS
Two days of soup and meat loaf for \$250,000.

The issue was racial discrimination in Mississippi's election procedures, the motion to seat the quintet was passed, 276-149.

THE WORLD

LATIN AMERICA

L.B.J.'s Gamble

In fragmented Latin America, summit conferences are rare occurrences—and successful ones rarer still. Simón Bolívar organized the first one in 1826 to press for a federation of Latin American countries, but gave up in despair when only four nations deigned to send delegates. Dwight Eisenhower gathered 19 Latin American heads of state at a summit meeting in Panama City in 1956, but his pleas for hemispheric solidarity were almost drowned out by cries for more U.S. aid funds. This week, as President Johnson flew south-

commitment to Latin America, but also to resuscitate the Alliance in his own pragmatic way. It was no easy task. During the pre-summit talks, a few countries threatened to withdraw unless the U.S. granted more generous trade concessions. The Communists prepared protest demonstrations.

Hemispheric Scale. Simón Bolívar, with his dream of Latin American unity, would have applauded the President's intentions. Johnson will put his full weight—and considerable U.S. money—behind a U.S.-sponsored proposal for the creation in 1970 of a common market that would eventually unite the 22 non-Communist republics from the Rio

markets to trading on a hemispheric scale.

Watered Down. Johnson wanted to take to Punta del Este a promise of \$1.5 billion in additional U.S. aid to help bring IATCOM (Latin American Common Market) into being. He asked for a special congressional resolution that would pledge the extra U.S. aid—and ordinarily he would have got it. The House passed the resolution by a 2-to-1 margin, but Senator J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and a critic of Johnson's Viet Nam policy, balked.

The resolution, Fulbright claimed, would give the President the same



PUNTA DEL ESTE FROM THE AIR
Bolívar would have been delighted.

ward to meet with the Presidents of 19 Latin American republics, there were grounds for hope that the biggest conference of all might produce some lasting results.

The site of the three-day meeting is mildly symbolic: it is the Uruguayan seaside resort of Punta del Este, where the treaty for the Alliance for Progress was signed by the countries' economic ministers in 1961. Despite impressive economic growth in several countries, notably Venezuela and the Central American republics, the Alliance has fallen short of its goal of freeing Latin America from the gross disparities between rich and poor, from the rigid tariff barriers that inhibit trade, and from the debilitating dependence on only one or two crops.

In his first presidential trip abroad to an international conference in an area other than Asia, Johnson sought not only to reaffirm the continuing U.S.

Grande to Cape Horn in one barrier-down trading area. The new market's population (243 million) would be greater than that of either the U.S. or the European Common Market, and its gross national product would be an impressive \$75 billion.

Two separate trading zones, the eleven-nation Latin American Free Trade Association and the five-nation Central American Common Market, have sprung up south of the border in recent years. But they are too loosely organized and too small to have much overall effect on the continent's economic growth. Johnson's proposal calls for converting those two organizations into one European-style economic community. It would be run by a strong Brussels-type secretariat whose policy would be to encourage the integration and diversification of the area's industries. One country, for example, would concentrate on producing enough steel to supply its own needs and those of its neighbors, while another would build up, say, a chemical-fertilizer industry. Such a market, runs Johnson's argument, would help Latin Americans help themselves by making it profitable and desirable to switch from relatively isolated national



sweeping powers as the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin resolution, which authorized Johnson to use more force in Viet Nam. Fulbright watered down the resolution so drastically during committee hearings that Johnson passed the word to let it die without coming to a Senate vote. Johnson still hopes to steer the generally responsive Latinos toward making the historic decision for the common market, but the outcome will now depend more on his power of personal persuasion and less on the power of the dollar.

Other Issues. After Johnson finishes talking about IATCOM, the Latinos' turn will come to talk about what they have on their minds. The conference agenda has been carefully purged of several potentially disruptive subjects—such as a hemisphere peace force, territorial disputes between neighbors and offshore fishing rights—to enable the Presidents to concentrate on economics. They want the U.S. to use its influence to help stabilize the world price of such crops as coffee, cocoa and sugar so that fluctuations on the world market will no longer wipe out their export earnings. They also want to enlist U.S. assistance in building new border-spanning roads, rail lines and

Only two who were invited will be absent: Bolívar's René Barrientos, who is angry because the question of his landlocked country's access to the sea is not on the agenda, and Haiti's François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier, who fears what might happen if he left home. Cuba's Castro was not, of course, invited.

communications systems to help Latin America become a more closely knit society.

The Latin American Presidents also hope for additional U.S. aid to undertake a crash program to upgrade health and educational facilities throughout the Southern Hemisphere. Finally, they will discuss what can be done about the arms race. At present, Latin America is in the ridiculous position of spending more money per year (\$1.7 billion) on jet fighters, battleships and other weaponry than it receives in U.S. aid (\$1.2 billion). Even some governments run by former military men now seem to agree that such outlays must be drastically scaled down.

Casino Conference. The Presidents will find Punta del Este a delightful place in which to deliberate. A peninsula 85 miles east of Montevideo, it has miles of glittering beaches, pine-dotted lawns and flaming hydrangeas. The busy summer season—late November to March—has just ended, but an influx of 2,100 security guards, 1,800 newsmen and 2,000 diplomats and aides will make up for the departed vacationers. During the four days at Punta del Este, President Johnson is staying in a seaside white chalet called *Beautifol*, which has been put at his disposal free of charge by an Argentine industrialist. Within walking distance are luxurious bungalows housing a dozen other chiefs of state. The headquarters for the conference is the seven-story San Rafael Hotel, which looks like an overgrown Tudor mansion. The talks themselves will be held in the hotel's gambling casino, where some \$30,000 is bet each night during the season on roulette and blackjack. Johnson hopes to place a far bigger bet on Latin America's ability to build and profit from a common market.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Princely Sum-Ups

Two nations directly border on the battlefields of South Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos. Both are nominally neutral, both are headed by princes, both are inevitably caught up in the struggle of Southeast Asia. Last week each of the princes offered rare public observations on the ambiguities of neutrality so close to the shooting.

►Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk's neutrality for his nation is styled in faintly Peking tints. His Royal Khmer army is Communist-armed and equipped. Though he has broken off diplomatic relations with the U.S. for alleged border violations, Sihanouk conveniently ignores the use of Cambodia for transit, resupply and sanctuary by North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops. It was thus all the more odd when the prince, in a rambling speech last week, complained that Communist bands were shooting up villages in Battambang Province in northwest Cambodia, far from the Viet Nam border.

"Because we have aided the Viet



SOUVANNA
Threat defined.

Minh [North Vietnamese] and the Viet Cong," said Sihanouk, "the Americans have condemned us. But now the Khmer Viet Minh [Cambodian Communists] have returned their gratitude by saying that I am a traitor and a country seller." He mournfully announced that Cambodia must prepare to fight the ungrateful Reds in the north, added that the country might have to close its embassies abroad to buy arms. After all, he said, "how can we ask China and Russia for ammunition to fight the Khmer Reds?" As for the U.S., "with the Americans we absolutely do not want a reconciliation." None was likely to be offered soon, since Sihanouk, as usual, said nothing about the two North Vietnamese divisions and countless Viet Cong in his eastern provinces. At week's end, though, he announced that 48 Communists had been captured in Battambang Province.

►Laotian Prince Souvanna Phouma's neutrality was imposed by the U.S., Russia and the twelve other signers of the Geneva Accord of 1962, leaving Laos a tenuously tripartite land that is part Communist, Royalist and neutral. Premier by the grace of all three fac-



SIHANOUK
Gratitude returned.

tions, Souvanna Phouma was far more candid than Sihanouk last week in touring his own troubled horizon.

The Communist portion of Laos borders on both North and South Viet Nam, and is ruled by the local Red Pathet Lao, aided by an estimated 30,000 North Vietnamese combat troops who man the Ho Chi Minh trail's Laotian sections. In a conversation with a reporter for the New York Times, Prince Souvanna admitted that the Laotian armed forces (composed of Royalists and neutralists) are too small and weak to interfere with this massive Red force. Even so, Laos does not want U.S. or any other Western help in the matter, "because this would mean more war for Laos, which has known little else since 1939." He said that all that Laos could do was already being done: daily bombing runs by the Laotian air force against traffic using the trail. What concerned the Premier more was the Pathet Lao threat to the rest of Laos. "The 15,000 Pathet Lao are a well-disciplined political party, the only political party in this country," he said. Still, much of their strength would evaporate, as would most of Laos' problems, "if only we could get rid of the Vietnamese."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Coming On Over

As the fighting gathers intensity in Viet Nam, so do the doubts among many Viet Cong about the wisdom of dying for Communism. Last week Saigon announced that a record 5,557 Viet Cong defected to the Allied side during the month of March, nearly double February's previous record monthly high of 2,917 surrendered enemies. That brought the totals for the government's *Chien Hoi* (Open Arms) program for the first quarter of the year to 10,746, already more than half of last year's full count of 20,242 and nearly equal to the 11,124 who defected in all of 1965. The running start puts Saigon's *Chien Hoi* goal of 45,000 defectors in 1967 well within reach, even though no Viet Cong units as a group have so far crossed over—and only a scant 200 of Hanoi's North Vietnamese regulars have come in.

The Lure of the Lonely Patrol: Forcing the Enemy to Fight

The single U.S. patrol, a thin line of 1st Division infantrymen, moved warily through the jungles of Tay Ninh province one humid morning last week. Deep in Viet Cong territory, the lonely Americans posed a tempting target. Finally, at high noon, the Viet Cong yielded to the temptation. Under cover of a furious mortar assault, they attacked in force. Almost immediately, U.S. artillery that had been covering the patrol's advance opened up on the hitherto-hidden Viet Cong mortar emplacements. Within minutes, Allied planes were bombing and strafing the enemy attackers. Besieged by shells and 40 lethal air



HELICOPTERS AT THE READY IN TAY NINH
Proof of a lethal union.

strikes, the battered Viet Cong broke off contact and retreated with their dead.

This incident, which took place as part of Operation Junction City, was an expert execution of the newest Allied infantry tactic of the war. In essence, the tactic consists of a mating of one of warfare's oldest fundamentals—deep patrolling—with modern technology: massive air and artillery firepower at instant radio command. It has proved a lethal union. Not until the beginning of 1967 did the U.S. have sufficient troops in Viet Nam to put the new tactic to use on a widespread basis. The three months since have witnessed fighting of a scope and scale unequalled in the war, producing Communist deaths at a rate that, if it keeps up, will mean 80,000 enemy killed during 1967.

Under the Fan. The tactic was evolved to cope with an enemy adept at hiding in his own terrain and reluctant to fight unless the odds appeared overwhelmingly in his favor. In past wars and the earlier days of the Viet Nam conflict, the U.S. conducted patrols for reconnaissance and intelligence purposes only. Engagement with the enemy was to be avoided for the sound reason that a patrol seldom consists of a unit much larger than a 30-man platoon, and often is as small as a squad of ten men.

Now U.S. mobility and firepower have so changed the context that the U.S. patrol is never really alone. It thus can probe aggressively deeper and deeper into Viet Cong sanctuaries until the Viet Cong are forced to come out and fight. Helicopters lift artillery batteries forward to keep an advancing patrol always in range of the "fan," or radius, of the gun's shells. Jet fighter-bombers always stand ready to be up and over any target in South Viet Nam within minutes in support of an attacked patrol. If neither shells nor bombs are enough, the helicopter can also bring infantry reinforcements to the rescue.

Possible & Potent. Typical of the results of the new tactic was an earlier Junction City battle in Tay Ninh. A U.S. deep patrol of platoon size flushed out what appeared to be two enemy companies on a heavily jungled hillside. Within two minutes of the first exchange of shots, more than 30 U.S. artillery pieces, all moved up the previous day to cover the patrol, were pounding the enemy. But the two Viet Cong companies proved to be two battalions instead, and the U.S. platoon was hard pressed when, 15 minutes after the artillery opened up, the first fighter-bombers attacked. Still convinced that he had a major chance to wipe out a U.S. unit, the enemy commander committed a full regiment to his attack. Meanwhile, the U.S. was helilifting in reinforcements. Within three hours, the Viet Cong regiment was being chewed to pieces not by a single platoon but by a full brigade of G.I.s. Final count: 581 Viet Cong dead.

Deep patrolling is, of course, a dangerous tactic, and its application has accounted for a good part of the surge in Allied as well as Viet Cong casualties. Some squads have been wiped out on deep patrol and some platoons so badly mauled that they could no longer operate as units. The Viet Cong and North Vietnamese have themselves countered with fresh tactics, including deep patrols of their own. But the enemy's main thrust has been at forward U.S. artillery batteries that make American deep patrols both possible and potent. In recent weeks the Communists have launched frantic attacks at U.S. forward fire bases from Camp Carroll along the Demilitarized Zone to Bong Son near the eastern coast. When mortaring, though, they have only two minutes to do their damage, that is just how long it takes U.S. guns to zero in on them and begin raining down their whistling packets of death.

RED CHINA

Into the Dustbin!

Onto the Garbage Heap!

Beating drums and gongs and waving their talismanic little red books of Mao, the Red Guards came at it again last week, surging in frenzied rhythm through the streets of Peking, Shanghai, Nanking and dozens of lesser cities. In banner and chant they proclaimed their purpose: "Sweep the great renegade of the working class onto the garbage heap!" and "Sweep the Khrushchev of China into the dustbin of history!" The man so described by these sanitation-minded youngsters, who also referred to him as "a paper tiger," the "big shot" and the "main root of revisionism," was Red China's President Liu Shao-chi, the chief toe of Chairman Mao Tse-tung and his Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The renewed attacks on Liu showed that Mao and his followers have not yet succeeded in winning the day; they also signaled a new phase in China's upheaval after several weeks of comparative quiet.

The attackers were tens of thousands of the very Red Guards whom Premier Chou En-lai last month ordered back to school. Those orders were part of a general damping down of revolutionary chaos in the interests of getting the spring grain crop planted and the economy moving. But last week's youthful display indicates that Mao has changed his mind about any Letup Wall posters, in fact, reported that Chou and other Maoist officials publicly admitted that it has been a mistake to disband the Red Guards.

Final Accounts. Cranking up the Red Guards anew just to attack Liu Shao-chi seems an excess in itself. The best Western intelligence is that ever since October Liu has been President of China in name only, barred from all Politburo sessions and public affairs of state. He last appeared in public on Nov. 25. His name is no longer alluded to official telegrams to other heads of state. He may



LIU VISITING PAKISTAN (1966)

The attack seemed an excess in itself.

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still be permitted to go to his office and await dispatches and memos that never come. He may be under some form of detention, either imprisonment or, more likely, house arrest in his villa in Peking's Fragrant Hill section.

If Liu is already powerless, why should Mao unleash what Peking radio called "mass rallies wrathfully denouncing the crimes" of Liu and vowing "to resolutely destroy him?" Best explanation: Liu is the symbol of continuing resistance to Mao's revolution throughout the party and cadre structure, which Liu himself spent 20 years building. A Red Guard leader addressing a Peking rally allowed as much, explaining that "final accounts" must be settled against Liu because "only by destroying his sinister headquarters can we ensure the recapture of the party, and political, financial and cultural power."

A Poisonous Weed. In demanding Liu's resignation as President, the Maoist mobs were really warning party and government officials to fall into revolutionary line. The latest outbursts were thus an admission of continuing Maoist weakness and of the threat that Liu might still triumph. Among the many sins that the Maoists ascribed to Liu, some of them going back to 1935, was his authorship of the book *How to Be a Good Communist*. Until Liu's downfall, it was second only to Mao's own writings as a source of mass meditation; last week it was denounced as mere "deceitful talk" and "a poisonous weed." In China's puritan clime, the army newspaper Red Star last week made another serious charge against Liu, who was once considered something of a swinger in the Politburo. He had, said Red Star, "energetically spread the idea that it is legal to indulge in beautiful clothes, rouge and lipstick and wining and dining."

RUSSIA

Painful Voices

All authority is a form of violence against the people. There will come a day when there will be no rulers, no Caesars, no authority of any kind.

Though the professed aim of Communism is eventually to do away with all government, such words can hardly please the well-entrenched rulers of the Soviet Union. Even less so, in fact, when they are put in the mouth of none other than Jesus Christ, making his first appearance in Soviet literature in many years. And, to top matters off, the novel containing the passage, *The Master and Margarita*, was written by Mikhail Bulgakov, who died in disgrace in 1940 and is described by the official *Big Soviet Encyclopedia* as a "slanderer of Soviet reality."

Even more remarkable is the fact that *The Master and Margarita* has become the most talked about work in Russia today. It was published in two installments in the liberal monthly *Moskva*, of which Soviet readers have already bought 150,000 copies (the novel has

yet to appear in book form). Soviet critics, many of whom have declared it a masterpiece, discuss it endlessly. Bulgakov wrote six plays and five novels, but *The Master and Margarita*, which critics knew existed but had never seen in print, is perhaps his most daring work. Its publication for the first time in Russia is part of a literary rebellion that is sweeping through Soviet letters. The Kremlin is watching in dismay, but has so far tried to contain rather than crush the new independence.

The novel describes how Satan ("the master") comes to Moscow in the 1930s to cast a spell on the inhabitants. The characters, all lacking orthodox Marxist solemnity, range from a talking cat to a chambermaid who lits about her employer's flat in fluttering nudity. One of its most interesting scenes is a re-enactment of Christ's encounter with



NOVY MIR'S TVARDOVSKY
Such hard aches.

Pilate, in which Christ tells the Roman procurator that power must crumble before truth. Pilate, a baffled autocrat who suffers from psychosomatic headaches, asks the same question that is recorded in the New Testament: "What is truth?" His prisoner, who is pictured as a man shrewd in his simplicity, replies: "The truth now is that your head aches. It aches so hard that you are thinking of death. And I've unwillingly become your executioner."

Intensified Debate. Heads in the Kremlin also suffer pains whenever *Moskva* or *Novy Mir*, the leading journal in the liberal upsurge, comes out on the stands. The most recent issue of *Novy Mir* is running a memoir by Boris Pasternak, whose work has been suspect ever since he allowed his *Doctor Zhivago* to be published in the West (where it ultimately sold 4,500,000 copies). The

In St. John's account, Pilate does not wait for a reply, which inspired Francis Bacon to begin his essay *Of Truth* with the words: "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer.

sketch relates how Pasternak once wrote to Stalin with sarcastic thanks for sparing him the same official adulation accorded Vladimir Mayakovsky, one of the great heroes of Soviet literature, and thus saving him from "blowing up my own importance." Evoking contempt for Mayakovsky, Pasternak says that his work "was introduced by force, like potatoes under Catherine the Great." The liberal monthly *Molodaya Gvardiya* recently attacked an even more sacrosanct Soviet idol, Maxim Gorky. It dismissed the author of *The Lower Depths* as nothing more than "a fairly good documentary journalist."

While looking on such heresy with a certain amount of ambiguity, the Kremlin has decided to make an example of *Novy Mir*. Though its poet-editor, Aleksandr Tvardovsky, 57, contends that "I am a Communist in all the complexity of my soul," the party removed him from the Central Committee, recently fired two of his editors and replaced them with three safer editors. Two weeks ago, it rebuked the magazine for "a lopsided showing of reality" and "ideological errors and drawbacks."

Unforgivable Sin. Yet the fact that Tvardovsky has been able to print what he has shows that official restraints have loosened considerably. It was only a year ago that Authors Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel were sentenced to labor camps for critical works—though their unforgivable sin was that they published them in the West. The debate between liberals and dogmatists will intensify as the time approaches for next month's Fourth Congress of Soviet Writers—the first convocation of its kind in eight years. As for Tvardovsky, he still hopes to succeed in an ambitious new project: publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in Russia for the first time.

GREECE

An Irreverent Phenomenon

Many Greeks say that King Constantine chose Panayotis Kanellopoulos to head a new Greek Cabinet last week because Kanellopoulos has no children. The significance of the remark is that the new Premier's chief rival, George Papandreu, 79, a former Premier of Greece and the head of the powerful Center Union Party, is the father of the *enfant terrible* of Greek politics. His son Andreas, 48, who sits in the Greek Parliament, is the King's most relentless critic, an unpredictable, highly ambitious leftist who once headed the department of economics at the University of California at Berkeley. Though George Papandreu's party polled an unprecedented 53% of the vote in Greece's 1964 elections, he was forced out as Premier after 17 months when Son Andreas was accused of being part of a traitorous conspiracy known as Aspidia.

Sizable Following. Since the elder Papandreu's party has continued to have a large plurality in Parliament even after his resignation, Greece has

TRANSECT



ANDREAS PAPANDREOU

A little problem of arithmetic.

had to get along ever since with caretaker governments. The last one, led by Banker Ioannis Paraskevopoulos, was formed to carry the country through elections planned for late May. But Andreas' alleged activities brought down that government, too. His foes charged that he was the grey eminence behind Aspida (meaning shield), a plot in which a group of junior army officers sought in 1965 to install a socialist regime. Fifteen officers were jailed after a trial, and the government seemed ready to arrest Andreas when Parliament's current session closed and his immunity ended. To forestall this, the Center Union Party introduced a motion to extend the immunity to cover the period between Parliament's adjournment this month and the May elections. Kanellopoulos and his rightist National Radical Union balked at this plan and withdrew their support from the caretaker government. That brought it down.

After 20 years in the U.S., Andreas Papandreu returned to Greece in 1961 to enter politics, soon earned a reputation for irreverence that gave him a sizable following among students and intellectuals. Kanellopoulos says of him: "We have never had such a phenomenon in Greece." Andreas' own father calls him "an arithmetical problem: he adds little, subtracts votes, multiplies problems and divides the party." The two often clash on issues, but blood keeps them in the same camp.

Path of Wickedness. Kanellopoulos (pronounced Can-nel-lop-o-luss), 65, is also a former professor. A onetime teacher of sociology at Athens University, he has been in and out of Greek politics for more than 40 years. He is the heir to ex-Premier Constantine Karamanlis, who was also deposed by the left. The elder Papandreu charged that in choosing Kanellopoulos the King had chosen "the path of wickedness." His party's newspaper warned of the possibility of a dictatorship, and promised that in such a case "the people will

mobilize massively to overthrow the regime." At week's end crowds of pro-Papandreu students chanting "An-dreas" and antimonarchist slogans clashed with police in Athens and Salonika.

With emotions running high, Kanellopoulos will find it difficult to hold together a government—especially since his party controls only 101 of the 300 seats in Parliament. The King also gave him the option of dissolving Parliament and holding elections this month. But Kanellopoulos is not eager to close Parliament until it passes a proportional-representation bill that will cut the Papandreu's strength at the polls.

ADEN

At Full Flood

Down upon arid Aden last week poured a torrent of rain so great that four-foot floods washed through the streets, cutting electricity and water service, destroying food and—such is the temper of the place—ruining large caches of ammunition stored secretly in many homes. The downpour, the worst in recorded history, delayed for a while the arrival of some distinguished visitors: a three-man team of United Nations observers sent to investigate the difficulties that Aden is experiencing in its transition to independence from Britain in 1968. The visitors might as well have stayed at home. Violence, too, was at full flood in Aden.

Shotgun Marriage. A tiny territory of 75 sq. mi. and 285,000 people, Aden sits at the southern edge of Southern Arabia, a wind-blasted wasteland of undefined borders and unrefined sheiks. Britain's plans for independence apply to the whole South Arabian Federation, which includes not only Aden but 16 sheikdoms. The trouble is that Aden's link with the Federation was a shotgun

marriage that neither the Adenis nor the sheikdoms want any part of once they win independence. Aden fears that the sheikdoms will drain off the relative prosperity it enjoys as a major world port. The sheiks claim that they do not have enough say in the Federation government, and that Aden has too much. The government, a collection of moderates installed by the British, is unpopular with the Adenis themselves, whose sentiments are divided between two Nasserite organizations, the National Liberation Front (N.L.F.) and the Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen (F.L.O.S.Y.). And each of the two organizations is at war with the other.

Rather than cooperate with the U.N.'s fact finders, both extremist groups decided to greet them by calling a general strike and setting off a fresh wave of anti-British rioting. From Cairo, F.L.O.S.Y. Boss Abdul Qawee Mac-kawee smirkingly denied that he had ordered his commandos to kill five British soldiers a day during the U.N. mission's stay: "I wouldn't want to restrict our people. Perhaps they can kill more than that." Aden's bustling shops were boarded up, its streets patrolled by British armored cars, and its harbor emptied of ships.

Running Gunfight. Hardly had the diplomats been installed in Aden's Sea View Hotel—behind rolls of barbed wire and a 100-man police guard—than the fighting broke out. It started in the always-explosive Crater District, where hard-bitten veterans of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers shot it out with terrorists in a running gunfight from rooftop to rooftop. Though there were 277 terrorist incidents during the U.N. visit, the casualty figures were surprisingly low—18 killed, 50 injured—mostly because the Fusiliers freely



DYING RIOTER & BRITISH TROOPER IN ADEN'S CRATER DISTRICT
Held at bay mostly by butts and boots.

wielded rifle butts and heavy boots to keep the mobs disorganized and at bay.

Through it all, the U.N. team stayed holed up in the Sea View Hotel. Both extremist groups refused to talk to the diplomats, and they made only two excursions beyond the barbed wire surrounding their hotel, one of them to the Al Mansoura detention camp in hopes of interviewing political prisoners. The prisoners jeered wildly, refused to be interviewed. Instead of fact-finding, the mission then decided to make a videotape appearance on the government television station to appeal for order and cooperation.

No sooner had the appeal been put on film than Venezuela's Ambassador Manuel Pérez Guerrero, chief of the three-man team, brought on a fresh crisis by announcing abruptly that his delegation did not recognize the Federation government, and would deal only with British authorities in Aden. The government thereupon canceled the television appearance, and the U.N. mission left Aden in a huff—charging that everything and everybody, including the British, had been against them from the start. Their departure had one positive effect. The general strike was called off, the terrorism subsided, and passing ships were advised that Aden was again safe as a port of call.

RHODESIA

An Inch or So of Pinch

Economic boycotts are by now a familiar, if not quite believable, story to Rhodesia's rebellious whites. The British declared one against them in 1965 without much noticeable effect, and the United Nations Security Council imposed another one against them four months ago, ditto. Last week, however, Prime Minister Ian Smith advised his countrymen that they could expect an inch or so of pinch. "It seems as though the whole business is going to be drawn out longer than we thought," said Smith. "I do not think it necessarily means austerity, but I believe that Rhodesians must accept that there may be some changes in their ways of living."

There have been some changes already, of course. The cost of living has risen by about 25% in the past six months, and shop owners have had to reduce (but not cut off) their imports of luxury goods. There is a shortage of both new and used cars; the Ford assembly plant in Salisbury has had to curtail production because of a shortage of parts, and the nearby Rover plant has started turning out Japanese Isuzu trucks to replace the British lorries it once assembled. Tobacco, once Rhodesia's principal source of foreign exchange, is now piling up in secret government warehouses—three of which are disguised as hangars on an unused Salisbury airfield. The government recently initiated a "Guard Against Gossip" campaign (nick-named "GAG") warning Rhodesians not to discuss economic troubles with foreigners.

New Life. All in all, there does not seem to be much cause for gagging. Rhodesian farmers are rapidly diversifying their crops so that the country will no longer need to import such staples as wheat and soy beans. Despite the worldwide oil embargo, Rhodesia gets all the oil it needs from its good friend—and embargo breaker—South Africa. It also keeps its export market alive through agents in South Africa, in the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique and in the black African nation of Malawi (see following story). The Rhodesian pound may have been declared worthless on world markets, but Rhodesian mines turn out enough gold to keep the country in international spending money.

The embargoes have not only failed to strangle the Rhodesian economy, but in many respects have actually given it

tenth that of the whites—will be spent to develop black communities. Education is a key target of the plan. "The blacks must learn that if they want schools they must pay for them," says Government Planner Roger Howman.

Ineffective as the sanctions have been or are likely to be, the world has not as yet devised a more workable form of pressure against Rhodesia. In Cairo last week, the leaders of five African nations concluded a so-called "mini-summit" on Rhodesia by demanding that Smith be overthrown by force of arms. Such demands have been heard before in Africa; they are not only demagogic but silly. No responsible government gives serious thought to a war against Rhodesia. And for all the calls to arms, not a single nation anywhere in the world has ever volunteered any of its own troops to do battle against Ian Smith.

MALAWI

Heroes or Neros?

It is easy for most black African leaders to complain about *apartheid* and call for the destruction of the South African and Rhodesian governments that practice it. Malawi's President Hastings Kamuzu Banda is forced to be more pragmatic. Not only is his nation almost surrounded by white-ruled Mozambique, but it depends for its livelihood on the earnings of Malawian workers in the factories and mines of South Africa and Rhodesia. Malawi is the only black African nation that openly refuses to comply with the U.N. economic sanctions against Rhodesia, and last month it became the first black African nation to sign a formal trade agreement with South Africa.

As far as the rest of black Africa is concerned, the trade pact only proved that Banda is a "traitor to his race." In the past few weeks, he has been condemned and cursed from the Zambezi to the Niger and beyond, and the Organization of African Unity has even threatened to throw out Malawi as long as he is there. Banda is unimpressed. Last week he went before his Parliament to answer his critics with a quotation from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*: "There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats."

Accusing his accusers of hypocrisy, Banda challenged them to stop issuing empty threats against South Africa—which, after all, is the continent's most powerful nation—and concentrate instead on convincing the whites that *apartheid* is unnecessary. The only way to convince them, Banda suggested, is by proving that black Africans can get along well with their white neighbors—and that they can govern themselves with responsibility and stability. So far, the record of the OAU nations is hardly convincing, he said: "They practice disunity, not unity, while posing as the liberators of Africa. While they play in the orchestra of Pan Africanism, their own Romes are burning."



BANDA

Said Caesar to Cassius.

new life. Unable to spend their money abroad, Rhodesian investors have plowed it into new enterprises at home. Old factories have been enlarged and diversified, and a government incentive program has already encouraged the building of 240 new plants, half of them now in operation. The result is that Rhodesia is well on its way to producing at home almost all of the goods it once had to import.

No Offers. Naturally, the sanctions have proved no deterrent whatever to Smith's white-supremacist policies. With the nearly unanimous backing of his fellow whites, his government is in the process of writing a new constitution that is expected to reduce the importance of or even eliminate the 15 Deputies now elected to Parliament by Rhodesia's blacks. Smith is also promoting a "Community Development Program," under which taxes paid by whites will go to the development of the white community, and taxes paid by blacks—whose earning power is one-



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CHILE

Setback for Frei

Municipal elections ordinarily carry little political importance in Chile, but President Eduardo Frei chose to lift last week's to the status of a national plebiscite. "It will be an opportunity," he said, "for the nation to say whether it is with the opposition or with the President it elected to carry out institutional reforms." Chileans took the opportunity, all right, but the results were not what Frei and just about everyone else had expected. While each of Chile's six other parties made substantial gains at the polls, Frei's Christian Democrats lost ground.

Miscalculation has become a mark of the three-year administration of Frei, 56, a former Santiago University law professor. When he swept to a landslide victory over a Marxist candidate in 1964, Frei seemed an ideal choice. An anti-Communist and a knowledgeable friend of the U.S., he professed that his aim was to transform Chile into a modern society without too much turmoil, to conduct what he called "a revolution in liberty."

Self-Righteous Zeal. Frei proved to be a dedicated reformer but a poor politician. In proceeding with his revolution, he managed to offend just about everyone. The Communists attacked his land-reform program because it stole, with little change, the thunder from their land-for-the-masses campaign promises. The landlords were unhappy because the government paid low prices for the expropriated property. A united front of leftist parties called FRAP attacked his plan to "Chileanize" the country's foreign-owned copper industry because it stopped short of nationalization. The rich complained about having to pay income taxes; the middle class griped about Frei's anti-inflationary moves, which held down wage increases. The poor fretted that *Promoción Popular*—Frei's war on poverty—did not do enough to clear up the slums or provide more food for their children.

Frei compounded his problems by refusing to compromise or soften his reforms and by pushing his programs with such self-righteous zeal that he often offended even would-be supporters. He started a running feud with the opposition-controlled Senate, which last month even denied him permission to travel to the U.S. on a state visit and allowed him to fly to Punta del Este this week only as a gesture of national pride. It was largely to show the Senate who was boss that Frei put such emphasis on the municipal elections, confident that a popular surge of votes for his Christian Democrats would intimidate his opponents. The people failed to respond to the president's pleas for a vote of confidence, giving his party only 35% of the vote. That outcome can only strengthen the obduracy of his enemies.

CANADA

Strength for the Centennial

Canada is girding itself for the greatest celebration in its history. Next week its centennial year begins, marking the 100th anniversary of the signing of the British North America Act, which forged three separate British colonies into a single confederation. As the festivities start, Ethiopia's Haile Selassie will lead an almost nonstop, six-month procession of 60 or more of the world's leaders, including President Johnson, Prime Minister Wilson and General de Gaulle, who will come to Canada to pay their respects and to visit Montreal's centennial-commemorating Expo 67.

effect was to bring into the foreground bright new men whose influence will be to pull French-speaking Quebec more closely into the English-dominated confederation. To make room, out went Minister of Justice Lucien Cardin, 48, and Privy Councillor Guy Favreau, 49, who are both ailing and wanted to quit. Into the largely ceremonial privy-council post, where he can continue his study of the Canadian economy, moved former Finance Minister Walter L. Gordon, 61, who is noted for his protectionist economic philosophy.

Three Québécois. More important was the elevation to Cabinet rank of three young *Québécois* who some day may contend for the leadership of the

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MICHENER & WIFE



PEARSON & TURNER

New cement for the confederation.

which will feature displays from Canada and 70 other nations.

Cabinet Reshuffle. Taking advantage of the few remaining days before he becomes immersed in writing and dining visiting rulers and royalty, Prime Minister Lester Pearson last week made a series of appointments aimed at strengthening Canada's top echelon of officials. First, he reached among his former political rivals for a new Governor General to succeed Georges-Philias Vanier, who died last month. His choice to represent the Queen in Canada is Daniel Roland Michener, 66, a former Conservative Member of Parliament and onetime Speaker of the House whose latest post has been that of Canada's High Commissioner (ambassador) to India. As Governor General, mustachioed Michener will provide a fitting bipartisan representation in Canada's highest official councils during the centennial year.

Pearson also reshuffled the Cabinet of his Liberal government for the first time since last year's general elections. The

Liberal Party and of Canada. They are new Justice Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 47, a University of Montreal law professor; Jean Chrétien, 33, who becomes a minister without portfolio in the Finance Department; and John Turner, 37, who will take over a soon-to-be-created department that will handle matters concerning consumers and corporations. Turner will try and press through Parliament such potentially voter-pleasing legislation as greater protection for consumers against false labeling and full disclosure on the credit cost of installment sales. Rich, intelligent and Catholic, he is already being talked of in some Canadian political circles as a north-of-the-border John F. Kennedy. His job is ideal for a man in his stage of career, but he may not have time to grow into national importance before the day arrives to choose a new Liberal party leader. Pearson, who turns 70 later this month, has made it plain that he wants only to preside over Canada's centennial year before stepping down as Prime Minister.

PEOPLE

On a visit to Paris, Mrs. Rose Kennedy, whose own daughter Rosemary is mentally retarded, stopped by to visit a small Paris school for retarded children. "These children can be trained to work and should be employed," she said, and went on to note that "such a person was employed for reupholstering work at the White House during my son's Administration." Meanwhile, in New York, plans were announced to break ground this week for the Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy Center for Research in Mental Retardation, supported in part by a \$1,450,000 Kennedy family donation.

Who's the latest avid *Avis*-ad reader? None other than Russia's traveling poet and public relations man, Evgeny Evfushenko, 33, who says he's going to use the auto-rental slogan as the title for a short novel on the U.S. inspired by his recent six-week tour. "I am calling it *We Try Harder*, because Americans work so hard," confided Evgeny, draining his fourth daiquiri in a bar in Beirut. What's more, he continued, he hoped the book would bring him some crisp U.S. greenbacks because he was flat broke, "like a little baby in the street."

For four generations Germany's acrobatic Flying Wallendas have been performing their spine-tingling act on the high wire, always without a net. Since the Wallenda family settled in the U.S. in the 1920s, four members have toppled to death, and a fifth was permanently paralyzed in a fall. Now Steve Wallenda, 17, the youngest male of the proud family, who could have revitalized the troupe, has called it quits—for a high flying career with the U.S. paratroops. "I just like heights—on our first jump we will be jumping from



STEVE WALLEND
Higher than a tent.



ROSE KENNEDY
Trained to work.

1,200 ft.," said Steve. "The highest I ever got in the circus was 50 ft. above the ground."

Somewhat nostalgic and quite a bit pregnant, Mrs. Patrick Nugent, 19, was back home for the first time in five months visiting with her parents and Lynda at the White House. "It's nice to feel elegant again," she confessed, as she stole the show in an A-shaped apricot chiffon gown at the dinner honoring Turkey's President Cevdet Sunay. The baby is expected June 17 or thereabouts, and the Nugents are still grappling for a name. "Kimberly is my favorite name in the whole world," confided Luei. "But since I couldn't wait and named my dog that, I guess I shouldn't name a baby the same thing."

At the opening in Barcelona of *Casals Conducts*, a 15-minute documentary that won a 1965 Academy Award, the audience gave a standing ovation to the stooped old man whose image appeared on the screen. It was the first time that the Spanish government had permitted a movie to be shown of famed Celsi Pablo Casals, 90, who left his native land in bitter protest against Franco during the Spanish Civil War. There were indications, too, that the government would like to forgive and forget, would welcome him if he chose to return home. But Casals was adamant. "There is no change in my attitude," said he from his exile home in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

"You might run into this thing in Rusty Nail, Ark.," said Jazz Pianist George Shearing, 47. "But in Chicago, I don't feel it should exist." Blind since birth, Shearing had walked into the Little Embers Restaurant, accompanied as always by his guide dog Leland, a golden retriever. Sorry, no pooch, the maitre d' told him. Shearing explained the obvious. No dog—against the city's

health code. repeated the maitre d'. So Shearing decided to make a case of it. "I don't want any exception for me," he said. "I want exceptions for every blind person and his dog." Chicago's officials could hardly agree last enough. "To separate guide dogs from their masters would be like taking a person's eyes away from him," said Health Commissioner Samuel Andelman, and City General Counsel Allen Hartman came up with a ruling that Leland and others like him are not really dogs but "gentlemen."

A Tulsa traffic cop called it the biggest traffic jam since Dick Nixon's 1960 campaign visit. Close to 25,000 people—in 10,000 cars—turned out when Evangelist Billy Graham, 48, came to town to help fellow evangelist and millionaire, Oral Roberts, 49, dedicate his new Oral Roberts University, whose philosophy of education is "to develop the mind, the body—and the soul." Set on a 450-acre campus in suburban Tulsa, the modernistic school already has an enrollment of 546 students, mostly children of Oral Roberts' "Pentecostal Holiness" followers. And Graham predicted a vast spread of religious education in the U.S., with O.R.U. blazing the path, then thundered: "If this institution ever moves away from faith in the Bible and the word of God, then let us pronounce a curse on it." "Amen," roared the crowd.

My oh my, whatever happened to little knobby-kneed Princess Anne? Well, she's a big girl now—and a pretty one, too. Arriving at a London theater to see a couple of saucy French plays, dressed in a blue silk gown, bejeweled and wrapped in a fur stole, the 16-year-old princess—on holiday from school—looked for all the world like a *femme du monde*, pouting at photographers under loose-flowing hair.



PRINCESS ANNE
Femme du monde?

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MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

Vive la Différence!

There is a pleasant conspiracy aloft these days, namely that although the airlines fly basically the same planes with the same equipment in the same time over the same routes, each airline is somehow distinctly and deliciously different. The sky's the limit for any frill or trippery, from gourmet menus to miniskirted hostesses, that will make the passenger exclaim: "Vive la différence!" As a result, opulence in the sky has reached a new stratosphere, and air passengers here and abroad are turning into the most overstuffed, overcomfied, overentertained customers in the history of flight.

Going west? United Airlines last week was hard-sell advertising its Royal Hawaiian Red Carpet First Class, including Mai Tais, a filet mignon terraki, fancy desserts ("You don't have to pronounce 'em to enjoy 'em"), wide-screen color movies, and a stewardess in a tropical kimono to pull on your slippers. Trans World Airlines was promoting its four-entree coach meals (seven entrees first class), plus its wide-screen movies and eight channels of stereo, with a hi-fi for everybody.

Cussing & Calamity Janes. Braniff International tried to have it both ways, one day running a full-page "weight watcher's guide to Dallas" listing its low-, medium- and high-calorie flights, the next day taking a two-page newspaper ad to boast about its gourmet delicacies plus special treatment for "those stubborn few who don't like perfect martinis. We let you mix your own." On its Chicago-New York flight, United was gunning for the tired businessman, with a whole plane turned into a men-only compartment, where commuting executives are free to cuss, smoke cigars

and relax in rumpled shirtsleeve comfort. For businessmen who do not want to relax, Braniff offered portable typewriters and Dictaphones. And for passengers with Klondike fever, Alaska Airlines was featuring Gray Nineties flights, replete with schooners of beer, red-velvet and gold-tassel cabin décor, stewardesses who wear ankle-length red-velvet skirts and sport 1890 hair styles, and in-flight announcements sung to Calamity Jane lyrics.

Whatever the showmanship, it is the stewardess who carries the brunt of being both star attraction and hard-working housemaid. What with jet flights getting shorter and menus growing longer, the stewardesses' life aloft is a kind of hell in the heavens. There are as many as 195 guests to greet, seat, serve and—within reason—sate, and the girls must perform like a whirlwind combination of Jean Shrimpton, Gwyneth Herbert, a short-order cook and a nurse for all ages. One Western Air Lines time-motion expert, for instance, has figured out that on an 85-minute flight with 122 people aboard, a stewardess averages no more than 23 seconds with each passenger. Whereas TWA used to dangle its transcontinental flights before senior stewardesses as a lush reward for longevity, such runs are now frequently given to neophytes—simply because they are younger, fresher and can run harder.

Peekaboo & Pucci. The moment after takeoff, service is expected to begin. Japan Air Lines' girls pop passengers into kimonos, United's hand out little knitted booties, Braniff's pass out perfumed steam towels, TWA's distribute travel guides. And stewardesses must keep it up right to the end, when some airlines pass out monogrammed matchbooks, golf balls and orchid corsages as souvenirs. There must never be a letdown:

Delta, for instance, is proud that its stewardesses "smile from the inside out" all through the flight.

To add even more glitter and glamour aloft, the girls are becoming more and more *haute couture*. Braniff began the high-fashion fad two years ago, when it introduced a flashy series of Pucci-designed costume changes for its stewardesses. So popular was the air strip that (despite girls' complaints that they got all worn out with the attention they had to pay to what they were wearing) Braniff added more of Pucci to the wardrobe last year, including print leotards with matching minitunics and derby hats. Following suit, American Airlines stewardesses have been outfitted in white miniskirts, fishnet stockings and boots.

California's doughy little interstate line, Pacific Southwest Airline, dresses its girls in a celery-green miniskirt, with hot-orange peekaboo pettupants. Stewardesses for Western put on flowing, high-fashion lounging pajamas when they serve dinner: on flights to Acapulco, they wear brilliant-colored Mexican beachcomber shifts over Bermuda shorts.

Small Revolt. Stewardesses are taught to treat a passenger's kiss or casual caress "with humor," but the opportunities for aisle-side lechery are ever more fleeting. Savvy an American stewardess-service supervisor: "They might get a pat, but the girls are moving so fast that they scarcely have time to get pinched." The girls object to the speed-up for a very different reason: they feel that they are being turned into automatons. But there are signs of a small revolt in the making among over-coddled passengers, too. When United Air Lines recently experimented with a kiddies' menu, it was stunned to discover that more adults than children opted for the hot dogs, hamburgers and peanut-butter sandwiches instead of the full-course meal.



BRANIFF'S PUCCI



TWA

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The paradox is easy. It simply says that a bad bank loan can hurt a community as much as a good bank loan can help it. But there's a lot more to banking than just yes-or-no financing.

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Huge jetliner dwarfs the steel bridge, as tractor tows it to flight preparation. The steel girders have weathered to the dark-brown coating which requires no paint.



A steel bridge built to carry Boeing jetliners

A meandering river barred the way when expansion at The Boeing Company's plant in Renton, Washington, required the location of a flight preparation apron on the other side of Cedar River.

How to get 170,000-pound jetliners across the river? Build a bridge, of course. And to get the job done as quickly as possible, the engineers designed the bridge in steel.

They specified Bethlehem's Weathering Steel which forms its own protective coating. It's economical to maintain because you don't have to paint it. As it weathers, it gradually acquires an attractive, rich-brown patina. Corrosion is insignificant.

Weathering Steel is just one of many high-strength steels made by Bethlehem. Architects are finding imaginative ways to use it in houses, banks, schools, office buildings. The earthy color of exposed beams and columns blends nicely with brick, stone, concrete, and other building materials.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



MEDICINE

PSYCHIATRY

Stress in Fight & Flight

When primitive man found himself confronting a savage beast, according to the great physiologist Walter B. Cannon (1871-1945), his hormone system poured out a flood of adrenaline to equip him equally well for "fight or flight." Now it is known that the hormone system is far more complex. Besides adrenaline, and perhaps more important, there are the hormones produced in the adrenal gland's cortex—hydrocortisone and closely related compounds. And a new study indicates that today's fighting man, far from flooding himself with such hormones in times of stress, actually finds subconscious ways to suppress them.

Waste Not. To carry out the study, the U.S. Army sent Captain Peter G. Bourne to Viet Nam. Although he is a psychiatrist, Dr. Bourne decided to use biochemical indicators of servicemen's reactions to combat and the threat of death. In Saigon he made friends with the medical corpsmen of helicopter ambulance crews since they were medically oriented and most likely to cooperate in his demanding routines. They agreed to run a daily check list of their emotional changes.

Most important, they agreed not to let a drop of their urine go to waste for three weeks, though this meant having a technician follow them around in off-duty hours. Dr. Bourne wanted these round-the-clock specimens because the chemicals in them would reveal what levels the stress hormones had reached each day. Despite some unavoidable misses, he got 76 day-and-night samples from the group. He froze part of each and sent the specimens by air to Washington for analysis.

The delicate biochemical readings proved to be remarkably uniform for all the men, and differed little between flight-stress days and relaxed, off-duty days. They talked closely with what Dr. Bourne deduced from flying and talking with the men on dangerous missions. On the average, they showed less reaction to stress than do draftees undergoing basic training at Fort Dix, N.J. When the stress and danger were real, the men suppressed their anxiety and related reactions. One man, an unquestioning Roman Catholic, was convinced that God would look after him. Another, with a parimutuel mentality, had painstakingly taken the reported casualties and calculated the chance that any one man would be killed or injured on any single day. The risk, he concluded, was so slight that he could stop worrying. All the men, no matter how often they talked of near misses by Viet Cong ground fire, had convinced themselves of their own invulnerability.

Evening Peak. Since the flying medicines were a special breed, exposed to enemy fire for only an hour or two at a

stretch and not every day at that, Dr. Bourne wanted to study the reactions of ground forces in constant danger and therefore under continuing stress. To do this, he and Technician William M. Coli joined a Green Beret detachment of two officers and ten enlisted men stationed at Duc Co, southwest of Pleiku and only a few miles from the Ho Chi Minh trail. The Green Berets had good reason to be edgy. The study began during the dark of the moon. The monsoon was beginning. Ho's birthday was approaching. And U.S. intelligence kept warning Captain Wells F. Cunningham that an attack on his tiny force was imminent.

It was difficult to get specimens under these conditions. Says Captain Bourne: "We practically said, 'Let us have your



CAPTAINS CUNNINGHAM & BOURNE
Suppressed by the subconscious.

urine while you're being shot at.'" As it happened, all Viet Cong attacks were aborted before they could reach the camp. But that made no difference to the Bourne study. The men were under relentless cyclic stress, which reached a peak every evening with the prospect of a night attack. One day when intelligence said that an attack was expected, 30% of the G.I.s developed "the G.I.s"—diarrhea. But all, like the medics, showed normal or subnormal levels of stress hormones.

Captain Cunningham (who was killed in action a week after the Bourne team left) and his executive officer both had 30% higher levels of stress hormones than the enlisted men. Explains Dr. Bourne: "The officers were worrying about their men; the men were worrying only about themselves." In all probability, he says, any of the men studied would have had a higher stress-hormone level back home on the eve of a tough college exam than they showed in Viet Nam.

CANCER

Secret from the Guinea Pigs

A birthday party for a nonagenarian Texas oil millionaire is an unlikely occasion for the announcement of a new treatment that may be effective against some forms of cancer. No less unlikely, as a source of the promising substance, are common colon bacteria that multiply in sewage and often result in the contamination and closing of beaches. Yet both these elements were present last week in the excitement over a procedure that has given signs of success in the case of just one cancer patient.

Arkansas-born John Keener Wadley, who lost his only grandson to leukemia in 1943, has since given more than \$2,000,000 to the J. K. and Susie L. Wadley Research Institute in Dallas. When he turned 90, Wadley was confident that the Institute had now struck it rich in cancer research. At his party, he told how nine-year-old Frank Hayes Jr. had been in the last stages of acute leukemia when Dr. Joseph M. Hill began giving him injections of the bacterial extract, L-asparaginase. Within a month, the boy's grotesquely swollen glands had shrunk, and analysis of his blood cells showed no active cancer. Dr. Hill warned Wadley that this was technically a "remission," and no one could yet claim a cure. But the old man insisted: "I don't know what could be called a cure if this isn't one."

L-Asparaginase. The story of L-asparaginase traces back to a 1953 observation by Cornell University's Dr. John G. Kidd that serum from normal, healthy guinea pigs killed some—but by no means all—types of cancer in mice, without harming the animals' other tissues. It took Cornell's Dr. John D. Broome eight years to ferret out the guinea pigs' secret. These animals, and a few closely related species such as the agouti, have in their blood the enzyme L-asparaginase, so called because it effects a chemical breakdown of the amino acid L-asparagine.* Many of the body's cells need asparagine as a source of nourishment, and normal cells manufacture it within themselves. But some types of cancer cells, which also need it, cannot make it. So they steal it from healthy cells.

Several chemicals have been used for almost 20 years to starve cancer cells of necessary nutrients, but all, until now, have also had an adverse effect on healthy cells that need the same substances. L-asparaginase, says Dr. Lloyd J. Old of Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute, is unique because it selectively deprives the cancer cells without harming the normal. But dependence upon asparagine does not extend to all types

* Though its name comes from asparagus, it is found in many plants and animals. Both asparagine and asparaginase come in two forms, which are distinguished by whether their crystals make a beam of light rotate to the right (dextro, abbreviated to the letter D) or the left (levo, or L). The levo forms are by far the more abundant.



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of cancer; it appears to be limited to some forms of leukemia and disease of the lymphatic system.

One great drawback in the use of t-asparaginase is its scarcity. If all Texas were turned into a giant guinea-pig farm, the yield would suffice for only a few patients. The break came in 1963, when researchers at the University of Delaware described an immensely complicated process for extracting the enzyme from colon bacilli, *Escherichia coli*. These bacteria were already being grown in vats to provide other substances used by biochemists, and New Jersey's Worthington Biochemical Corp. set about extracting t-asparaginase from them. It takes pounds of the microscopic bacteria, and would cost close to \$15,000, to produce enough t-aspar-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOB LOR



PATIENT HAYES
Promise in one shot.

aginase for a month's treatment for one adult.

Allergic Reaction. Probably the first human being to receive the enzyme was a boy in Chicago who was dying of leukemia. After infusions of partially purified enzyme from guinea-pig serum, his white-cell count decreased, and so did the swelling of some of his organs. But his red-blood cells were being destroyed as an apparent side effect and treatment had to be stopped. The boy died of his leukemia. The problem of purification remains. Even the presumably safer material extracted from bacteria, in its currently purest form, causes allergic reactions in mice—as it did to some extent in the case of young Frank Hayes.

The boy's illness was diagnosed last September as acute lymphatic leukemia. Besides the usual abnormalities of white cells and bone marrow, he had a tendency to form tumor masses in the neck and armpits. He was given standard treatment with drugs that produced remission. But then came relapse. Dr. Hill finally decided to use his scant sup-

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ply of t-asparaginase. In daily injections beginning Feb. 13, Frank Hayes received 213,000 units. On March 16, he developed hives and a lump in his throat, indicating an allergic reaction and suggesting to Dr. Hill that it may be best to give the drug in large doses over short periods. The boy improved, and has now gone back to school.

Comparable remissions have resulted from all the anti-leukemia drugs now in use. It will take hundreds of treated patients to show whether t-asparaginase can fulfill this one-shot promise. Of the Hayes case, Dr. Hill says: "It will take 63 more years for the boy to live out his normal life expectancy, so we'll consider it a remission until then." In all the world, there is not enough t-asparaginase to treat more than a dozen sufferers. Dr. Hill says that he is making it in Wadley's own labs, besides buying it from Washington. And Dr. Old's colleagues at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Center have just begun treating three patients with it.

Fingerprints from the Virus

The evidence that t-asparaginase seems effective against only some forms of leukemia again emphasizes the fact that "cancer" is not just one disease but many. The search for a "cure" therefore, is a search for many cures; researchers must pursue clues in every conceivable direction. Last week's news of the pursuit involved viruses—plus additional confirmation that oral contraceptive pills have not only been acquitted of causing cancer but actually help prevent one form in certain cases.

Viruses have long been known to produce cancers in animals, and are suspected of doing the same in man. Yet virus particles have never been found in human cancers. St. Louis University's Dr. Maurice Green now believes that even though the guilty viruses escape, he can get the evidence to convict them because they leave biochemical fingerprints. In hamster tumors that he provoked with a known virus, Dr. Green told an American Cancer Society seminar, he found large amounts of an abnormal, new form of RNA, one of the two principal nucleic acids. Now he is looking for similar fingerprints in human cancers.

Where birth-control pills are concerned, Harvard's Dr. Robert W. Kistner last week reported that he had prescribed oral contraceptives containing the synthetic equivalent of the female hormone progesterone to 66 women with signs of precancerous change of the endometrium (lining of the womb). The endometrium is a fairly common cancer site, with at least 3,700 fatal cases expected in the U.S. this year, mainly among women who fail to ovulate and therefore do not secrete progesterone. But among Dr. Kistner's 66 patients, some treated as long as nine years ago, the precancerous condition was corrected, and cancer itself never developed.



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SPORT

BASEBALL

Oddsities for Openers

The start of a new baseball season is a trivia collector's delight. Consider these tidbits last week:

Hank Bauer, manager of the World-Champion Baltimore Orioles, has quit smoking, and is, if possible, even more menacing. Richie Allen, third baseman for the Philadelphia Phillies, has shaved off his mandarin mustache. There was a possibility that neither Lyndon Johnson nor Hubert Humphrey would be available to throw out the first ball at the Washington Senators' opening game this week—a fact that could not really displease the Senators, who have lost three straight openers with Johnson and Humphrey on the hill. For their home opener, the luckier California Angels acquired the services of Governor Ronald Reagan, a pitcher with experience: he once played the part of Grover Cleveland Alexander in a movie called *The Winning Team*.

As always, spring training wound up with a flurry of activity. To cement their porous infield, the New York Yankees purchased Dodger John Kennedy, who made only eight errors in 125 games last year; Kennedy committed two boobies in his first game for the Yanks. The Baltimore Orioles shipped Pitcher Steve Barber, a 20-game winner in 1963, back to the minors; the New York Mets astonished practically everybody by farming out veteran Centerfielder Johnny Lewis, their No. 1 hitter (at .387) during the Grapefruit League season, replacing him with Rookie Don Bosch—who batted .147 this spring.

The Odds. Whatever the lack of talent, there was no shortage of optimism. Whitey Ford couldn't get anybody out, Mickey Mantle was not exactly a gazelle at first base, but Manager Ralph Houk

bravely insisted: "We should finish in the first division." Oddsmakers figured otherwise; they picked the Yankees to finish no better than sixth and picked the Orioles as strong favorites (at 2-1) to win the American League flag again.

The National League race, as usual, figured to be tighter. A lot of smart money was on the Pittsburgh Pirates (at 12-5), but the San Francisco Giants were a solid second choice at 3-1—with \$100,000 Pitcher Juan Marichal already flashing midseason form (five hits, two runs in ten innings despite his four-week holdout), and Willie Mays batting .350 in spring training. For long-shot bettors, bookmakers offered a special deal: the Chicago Cubs and the New York Mets, as a two-team entry, at odds of 250-1.

SOCCER

Hello, Emmet! Hello, Horst!

The next best thing to invention is discovery. Americans have given the sporting world the benefit of their inventive genius (baseball, basketball); now they are about to be repaid. They may even get a boot out of it. Professional soccer, the most popular spectator sport in the world, outside of girl watching, is coming to the U.S. in a big way. And if the TV moneybags have guessed right, the likes of Emmet Kappagawa and Horst Szymaniak will shortly assume heroic stances alongside Willie Mays and Johnny Unitas.

This summer, the U.S. will get not just one but two professional soccer leagues: the ten-city National Professional Soccer League, which makes its debut April 16, and the United Soccer Association, a 12-city league that will start off with exhibition games between imported clubs this year, field its own teams next season. The United Association is headed by Dick Walsh, a former

executive of baseball's Los Angeles Dodgers, and is accredited by the Fédération Internationale de Football. Ken Macker, a public relations expert, is commissioner of the National League, which has no accreditation: he is expected to give the "outlaw" league a respectable image. If nothing else, the outlaws have the loot: \$1,000,000 from CBS, which intends to telecast one game every week for 21 weeks from April through August, predicts a weekly audience of 7,000,000.

No Place to Hide. The prediction may not be all that far fetched. A crowd of 41,598 turned out at Yankee Stadium last September to watch Santos of Brazil play an exhibition against Inter of Milan, and 10 million Americans tuned into the Telstar broadcast last July of England's victory over Germany for the World Cup. What's more, soccer should be a natural for TV. Baseball fields are all the wrong shape, and the action is too slow; a good pro football quarterback can hide the ball from the TV camera as well as from his opponents. Soccer's rectangular field is perfect for the TV screen, the action is continuous (except, of course, for commercial breaks), the fat, 27-in. ball is easy to follow, and the rules are few and uncomplicated.

The only hitch is players. Although there are 500 college and club teams in the U.S., few Americans are of professional caliber. As a result, the National League has been forced to woo players and coaches away from foreign teams with salaries up to \$35,000. The Los Angeles Toros boast 15 players from 13 countries. Which creates still another problem: language. On the theory that "Pass me the ball!" in Spanish just might be fighting words in Swahili, most National League teams have adopted English as their "official" language, and the Pittsburgh Phantoms have temporarily farmed out their players to Berlitz.

HORSE RACING

Big Balk at the Big A

The strikers were straight out of the *Social Register*, *Who's Who* and *Dun & Bradstreet*: Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Ogden Phipps and Captain Harry Guggenheim, to name just a few. Their spokesman was Jack Dreyfus Jr., senior partner of Dreyfus & Co., the Wall Street investment house. Dreyfus & Company are horse owners, and what got them riled up last week was the failure of the New York legislature to enact a bill that would have resulted in higher purses at the state's thoroughbred racing tracks. It got them so angry that they refused to run their horses at Aqueduct race track, thereby forcing the first strike shutdown in New York racing history and costing the state upwards of \$300,000 a day in revenues.

The horsemen complain that New York State benefits more from racing than any other state in the U.S.—while doing less to encourage the sport. Out of



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STRIKER DREYFUS
Non-profit is no fun.

every dollar that passes through the parimutuel windows at Aqueduct and Saratoga, 10¢ goes to the state, and 5¢ to the tracks for operating expenses and purses. The state's cut last year came to \$66 million; at the tracks, \$15 million was available for purses after expenses. Much of that had to be allotted to occasional (some 90 per year) high-priced stakes races to which the track contributes anywhere from \$20,000 to \$125,000 of the total purse. Only one horse in hundreds is of stakes caliber, and the rewards for owners of ordinary thoroughbreds—which account for 90% of all the races and an equivalent percentage of the state's income—can be small indeed.

Say "Aaah." The minimum purse for a standard allowance or claiming race at Aqueduct (\$3,500) has not been raised in 20 years simply because the tracks cannot afford to; by law they are nonprofit operations, and all they do is break even. In those same 20 years, the basic cost of keeping a race horse in training has gone up from \$8 per day to as much as \$22 per day. In addition, every time a veterinarian makes his horse say "Aaah," the owner shells out \$25; blacksmiths get \$18 for putting on a pair of horseshoes, jockeys get \$25 for riding—even if they finish dead last. Of New York's 2,500 thoroughbred owners, 95% lost money in 1966.

The bill that was before the New York legislature would have reduced the state's take by 1/3 of every dollar bet, thereby giving the tracks another \$3,300,000 a year for purses. When the state assembly adjourned without even reporting it out of committee, the horsemen struck. For some, struggling to get their horses ready for big stakes such as the Kentucky Derby, only four weeks away, the boycott was a severe training setback. But horsemen insisted

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that the principle was worth the price. Said Johnny Nerud, who trains two top Derby prospects: "The people up in Albany will learn that we are not running an illegal crap game in a circus tent but a big business."

BASKETBALL

Lew's Still Loose

First there was the Wilt Chamberlain Rule, designed to force him away from the basket by widening the "3-sec. zone," in which an offensive player can remain for only 3 sec. at a time. Next came the Bill Russell Rule, which forbids blocking a shot when the ball is on its downward course. Now there is the Lew Alcindor Rule. College basketball's

STUART SMITH—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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MURPHY STUFFING



ALCINDOR DUNKING

Only occasionally illegal.

rules makers decided last week that players may no longer "dunk" or "stuff" the ball by ramming it through the hoop from directly above.

The no-dunking rule was frankly aimed at Alcindor, the 7-ft. 14-in. U.C.I.A. sophomore who averaged 29 points a game this season while leading his team to a perfect 30-0 record and the N.C.A.A. championship. Lew does indeed dunk on occasion. But the bulk of his baskets come on tip-ins, lay-ups, jump shots and hook shots—all of which are still perfectly legal.

Many experts believe that the new rule actually will hamper shorter men—who use the dunk shot as a means of combating taller defenders such as Alcindor. In fact one of the most prolific dunkers in college basketball last season was Niagara Freshman Calvin Murphy, who stands only 5 ft. 10 in.



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Pepsi-Cola's new can is no ordinary can; it's not even an ordinary aluminum can. This one, with a "streamlined" top developed by the Reynolds packaging men, is a space saver offering some important efficiencies in production and shipping. With their indented flange the cans stand flush against each other, so they store, ship and stock more compactly. They're easier to handle and fill on the production line, as well.

In short, this new all-aluminum can is a happy combination for both Pepsi-Cola Company and Pepsi-Cola drinkers. And developments like this are an old story for the Reynolds packaging specialists; they've been doing it for years, for companies large and small.

When you're looking for something better — in a package, a building product, or in a part or product for virtually any use—consider aluminum and see the men at Reynolds. Contact them at your local Reynolds office, or write Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-LI, Richmond, Virginia 23218.

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MUSIC

JAZZ

Keeping up with the Duke

There isn't much that a small African country can do nowadays to call attention to its cultural sophistication, but almost any attempt deserves applause. This month the Republic of Togo is issuing a series of postage stamps bearing the likenesses of Bach, Beethoven, Debussy and a composer named Edward Kennedy Ellington. It is all very flattering to the Duke, but it would be a mistake for the people of Togo—or anywhere else—to think that this honor stamps him as a classic of the past. If anything, the Duke, at 67, is writing more jazz and writing it better than ever before, continually shattering and recasting the mold of his musical thinking.

In the past two years, Ellington has written a symphonic tone poem, a chamber piece for clarinet, saxophones and rhythm, and a film score. Last week he recorded his new background music for a play, *The Jaywalker*, which will be performed at Coventry Cathedral in June. At the high school auditorium in Montclair, N.J., last week, Ellington and his band played his concert of sacred music, composed 18 months ago to demonstrate the Duke's belief that "every man prays in his own language." This week the Ellington troupe is off on a 30-city tour to play his latest show-cases for his sidemen.

To keep his outfit flowing, Ellington



ELLINGTON ON STAMP & RECORDING
Continually recasting the mold.

jots down "crispy, crunchy, fresh ideas" wherever they occur to him. His inspiration is "the way I live, the people who live around me, the world." Every Ellington piece is a musical snapshot from his experience. *Mood Indigo* is a little boy kept indoors by the rain, thinking of a little girl to whom he tipped his cap the day before; *Shepherd Watching over the Night Flock*, one of his newest pieces, is a preacher friend who canvasses Manhattan bistros each night, ministering to musicians and barflies.

Ellington says that his greatest competition today is the Duke Ellington of 25 years ago. In those days, his raw, rich musical language had already established him as a great innovator. His audiences today tend to expect to hear the same Ellington, but he will have none of that. "We couldn't go on for 50 years," he says, "just playing the old things and saying, 'This is our noise, baby.' But it's a form of condescension, the worst of all artistic offenses."

COMPOSERS

Backward Revolutionary

April, *la saison des amours* for wildlife in France, inevitably brings out the bird watchers. Last week one of the oddest sights in the fields and forests was a stocky, monkish fellow in a Basque beret and rimless glasses, cocking an ear to all the amorous twittering, and furiously scribbling music on manuscript paper clipped to a board. It was French Composer Olivier Messiaen, 58, elder statesman of the far-out realm of 20th century music, gathering new themes for his compositions. "Birds are the greatest musicians," he insists. "You will never find in their song a mistake of rhythm, melody or counterpoint."

If Messiaen's use of bird song in his work seems at once avant-garde and traditional, the paradox is typical. He is a fervent Roman Catholic who feels a primitive reverence for nature, a musical innovator who retains his childhood love for Mozart and Chopin. Although he stands aloof from the factions of the music scene, he is a teacher and champion of such different composers as Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen.

Ache in G Major. Little wonder, then, that Messiaen's compositions defy pigeonholing. *Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine* (1944), scored for soprano chorus, strings and a clattering assortment of percussion, celebrates God's omnipresence by mixing swatches of Gregorian chant with Hindu rhythms and the unearthly quavering of the Ondes Martenot (an electronic wave generator). The 77-minute *Tu rangdila Symphony* (1948), a thick layer cake of orchestral textures, is part of Messiaen's treatment of the Tristan legend, which he considers "the greatest myth of human love." *Chronochromie* (1960) echoes the sounds of nature in a complex tone poem, cli-



MESSIAEN IN THE FIELD
No pigeonholes for his bird songs.

maxed by an ear-ringing passage in which 18 solo strings each play a separate bird song simultaneously.

Such mixtures seem quite natural to Messiaen, who describes himself as "a born believer, musician and revolutionary." He taught himself to play the piano at eight, at ten was devouring the scores of *Don Giovanni*, *Die Walküre* and *Pelléas et Mélisande*. He conceived a lifelong fascination with "all things mysterious and marvelous," and found that musical sounds gave him inner visions of colors; once, he got a stomach ache while watching a ballet because the violet hue of the lighting clashed so badly with the tonality of G major.

Subtleties of Rhythm. After a prize-laden graduation from the Paris Conservatory, where he studied composition with Paul Dukas, the 22-year-old Messiaen won the coveted organist's job at La Trinité church in Paris, and later a teaching post at the conservatory. Today, he still gives composition classes and plays for weekly Mass, occasionally enlivening a service with a hair-raising, dissonant improvisation on the organ. In his spare time, he labors at a scholarly tome on the subtleties of rhythm, which he regards as "the primordial, perhaps the essential, part of music."

In the resort town of Royan last week, as Messiaen presided over an international piano competition, he reflected that the young musicians he has influenced have not imitated him but have gone their own way, forging new electronic, mathematic or ulcatoric (chance) musical techniques. His own ideal is still "to join the eternal durations and resonances, to apprehend the inaudible which is above music." Meantime, he is content to clap on his beret, pack up his music paper, and drive off for some bird watching.

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

The Pursuit of Presidents

No task in academe is quite so tough or ticklish as picking a college president: never before in U.S. history have so many schools been engaged in the struggle to find one. According to a survey by the American Council on Education issued last week, at least 300 U.S. institutions—ranging from giant state universities to dozens of tiny junior colleges—are in the market for a new top man. Most of them are ruefully discovering that U.C.L.A. Chancellor Franklin Murphy is right when he claims that "attracting high-quality academic ad-

"The labor pains of the search," says Columbia Administrator Clifford Nelson, "are just holy hell."

Committees charged with president hunting usually aim high, often try for a nationally prominent figure without any notion of whether he would be interested. H.W. Secretary John Gardner, who has shown no inclination to leave Government service, is at the top of nearly everybody's list. As sights are lowered plenty of names surface, since almost every professor or alumnus has his own idea of who might fill the bill. Johns Hopkins scanned 150 candidates before deciding nearly two years later on the State Department's Lincoln Gordon.

cial conditions that must be resolved. Many church-related schools require that the president be a member of the denomination with which the college is affiliated. Barnard College, the women's branch of Columbia, has been hard put to locate a successor to departing President Rosemary Park. The trustees found four women they considered ideal, but Barnard could not guarantee that their husbands would find satisfactory positions if they moved to New York. All four turned the presidency down.

Once a selection committee focuses on the handful of men it considers suitable and available, all parties concerned begin an intricate academic minuet with its own steps and rules. The trustees almost never offer the job until they are reasonably sure the man wants it, and the candidate must never appear eager. "It's a little bit like an Oriental marriage—no one is interested until he's asked," says Iowa Regents Chairman Stanley F. Redeker, who went through the ordeal of finding new presidents for both Iowa and Iowa State universities.

Well-Wishers. A prospective president is frequently invited to deliver a lecture at the school that wants him, or is asked to a dinner by a few trustees to discuss his "philosophy of education." If a job is referred to at all, the candidate is expected to reply to the effect that he likes it where he is, but has a high regard for the seeking school and wishes it well. "That is enough to signal that he is really interested," says Stanford's University Relations Director Lyle Nelson.

Secrecy is an essential ingredient to all negotiations, and the premature discovery of offers can prove embarrassing. Minnesota, for example, has spent eleven months unsuccessfully seeking a successor to resigning O. Meredith Wilson. State regents were deeply annoyed when word leaked out recently that the job had been offered to former Presidential Economics Adviser Walter Heller, a professor at the university, and to Wisconsin's Fleming. But Fleming went to Michigan. Heller prefers to teach and consult, and now, complains Regent Chairman Charles Mayo, "we'll have to start all over again."

No wonder that many university officials have begun to ask themselves which is harder—being a president or finding one.

COLLEGES

The Flunking of "Drop-out U."

President Millard Roberts of Iowa's Parsons College (TIME, Aug. 29, 1960) has plenty of ideas about education—some good, some bad. He believes that teachers should be well-paid, that even students with poor high school records should have a chance at higher education, and that colleges should pay their own way.

Since taking over in 1955 as president of Parsons, once a financially starved Presbyterian school, Roberts has methodically carried out his program for success. He increased Parsons' en-



COLEMAN



GARDNER



GORDON

A little like an Oriental marriage.

ministrators is the biggest problem in American universities today."

The basic trouble, explains one college-president hunter, is that "we're trying to find a \$100,000-a-year man for \$25,000 or \$30,000." More than anybody else on campus, the president is expected to be all things to all men—fund raiser, politician, scholar, press-agent, long-range planner, public speaker, banqueteer with a cast-iron digestion. Another problem is that few schools like the idea of a built-in successor. If an outgoing president tries to groom an up-and-coming administrator as a potential heir apparent, says Stanford Graduate Business Dean Ernest Arbuckle, "that can be the kiss of death." Many otherwise qualified professors consider an administrative job as "going over to the enemy"—and claim that they can make more money staying where they are. Because they generally lack the right scholarly credentials, corporate executives are usually shunned by powerful faculty committees.

Holy Hell. As a result, a college's pursuit of a new president frequently becomes a panicky, yearlong canvass for the right man that involves trustees, alumni, administrators, professors and even students, who are increasingly being invited to submit recommendations.

The University of Michigan winnowed through a list of 200 candidates before choosing Wisconsin's Chancellor Robert Fleming as its new president (TIME, April 7). Last week Haverford College finally settled on Ford Foundation Executive John R. Coleman—after a search that lasted 19 months, involved 125 candidates.

Religious but Not Political. Among institutions currently seeking presidents are the state universities of California, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida and Rhode Island, plus such major private schools as Stanford, Barnard, Mills, and Hamilton. Many schools begin by drawing up a list of criteria that are all but impossible to fulfill. Mrs. Edward H. Heller, a California regent involved in the search for a successor to Clark Kerr, calls the committee's initial outline of conditions "our walking-on-water papers." Minnesota, for example, is looking for a man under 55 so that he can serve at least ten years before compulsory retirement. He must be religious "but not domineering about it," says one regent. He "can't be political," which rules out such possibilities as Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy and Minneapolis Mayor Arthur Naftalin.

At some colleges the difficulty of finding a president is compounded by spe-

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ROBERTS

Profit at their peril.

rollment from 212 to 4,900, and upped student fees from \$1,030 a year to \$1,160 a trimester. Roberts has been able to erect \$20 million worth of buildings on campus and push the average faculty pay from about \$3,000 a year to more than \$15,000—third highest in the nation. This year, while almost every school in the nation is running bigger deficits than ever, Parsons recently reported a neat annual profit of nearly \$2,000,000.

Most U.S. educators have long looked with suspicion on Roberts' fiscal-minded approach to running a college, and last week the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools voted to revoke Parsons' accreditation. The association did not explain its reasons, but other investigators have unearthed evidence suggesting that academic quality is not Parsons' primary goal. A surprising proportion of its students are either transfers or dropouts from other schools, and the colloquial campus name for Parsons is "Dropout U." Although well-paid, many Parsons professors must handle up to 20 class hours a week, and the teacher-student ratio is 1 to 20, compared with 1 to 6 at Harvard, 1 to 9 at Iowa. The association considers the minimum standard for a college library to be 255,000 volumes. Parsons' library has 82,000.

CURRICULUM

Wonderful Wednesday

One of the biggest challenges facing undergraduate education, says Dean John Stephens of Atlanta's Emory University, is to give students "an incentive to educate themselves." Emory thinks it has an answer to the challenge: "Creative Wednesday," during which there are no classes or student activities, leaving the school's 2,187 undergraduates free to unwind, read, study, take up hobbies, or just catch up on their sleep. Instituted last January, the midweek

free day has caught on so well at Emory that both students and faculty refer to it as "Wonderful Wednesday." Initially puzzled by what to do with their unexpected leisure, some students turned Wednesday into a midweek Sabbath, spent their mornings sleeping off Tuesday night's beer party. For others, though, Wednesday has turned out to be the busiest time of the week, and the library is always jammed with students catching up on assigned reading. "When I want to use a desk in the stacks, I have to get there early," says Dr. Grant Kaiser, chairman of the romance-languages department, "or I'm out of luck. They're all taken."

Many students use Wonderful Wednesday to take up intellectual pursuits that have no direct connection with classwork. Math Major Beth Nash says the off day has given her a chance to go to "concerts, movies, and do lots of things" she never had time for before. Brenda Conner, a biology student, spends most of her day working on a pet project—a study of the distribution of histones (basic proteins) in chromosomes. One group of students organized a classic-films discussion group. Others spend the day tutoring children in Vine City, an Atlanta Negro slum.

Dean Stephens argues that there is some statistical evidence to prove that Wonderful Wednesday has paid off at Emory. Some teachers report that classroom attendance is higher than last year; during the winter quarter, 24% of the students made the Dean's list, compared with 21.1% a year ago. Although initially reluctant about compressing their courses into a four-day week, most professors now feel that the new schedule forced them to prune, sharpen and ultimately improve their lectures. Last week the faculty legislative council overwhelmingly voted to continue Wonderful Wednesday for another year.



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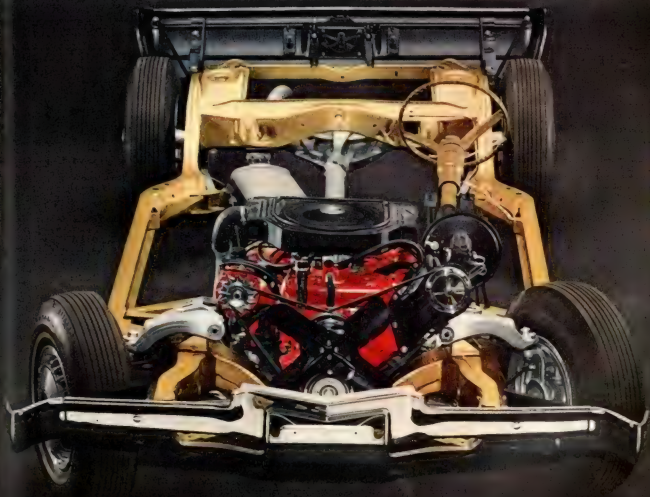
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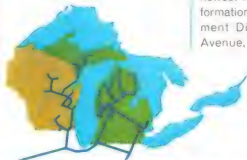
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THE LAW

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

The Show Goes On

The Government cannot use the draft to stifle dissent by critics of the U.S. war effort in Viet Nam, a U.S. appeals court recently ruled. But the critics have certainly not stopped using the draft to dramatize their dissent. Last week Pacifist David J. Miller, 24, not only used the draft, he used a court as well to stage one of the weirdest dissents of the year.

Last year Miller became the first person to be convicted under a new federal law that makes card burning punishable by as much as five years' imprisonment. U.S. Judge Harold R. Tyler Jr. suspended Miller's three-year sentence on condition, among other things, that he get a new draft card. Even after he lost an appeal and the Supreme Court refused to review the case (TIME, Feb. 24), Miller refused to get a card. Two weeks ago, he joined an anti-war demonstration at selective service headquarters in Washington, sat in the front doorway and blocked traffic until police carried him away. Before the show, he made sure of news coverage by handing out a press release saying that his actions were aimed at making sure that Judge Tyler would send him to prison.

Last week Judge Tyler again tried to reason with Miller. Miller was sympathetic, "I would not like to put it on your conscience that you would be sending an innocent man to jail," he told the judge. Somewhere behind him in the paneled courtroom Miller's infant daughter began to cry. Tossing back her long blonde hair, Miller's young wife

briskly began breast feeding the child. Patiently, Judge Tyler reminded Miller that "no one had trampled on your right to speak your views." Again, he offered Miller the chance to get another card. Again, Miller refused. The judge ordered him to jail for 24 years; then suggested that Miller spend the weekend with his family before surrendering. Miller not only rejected the offer, he sat down on the courtroom floor and announced: "I want to show you it's against my will."

Thrusting her infant at a friend, Mrs. Miller fell to her knees and tried to grab her husband's hand. With that, four U.S. marshals picked up Miller and lugged him to an elevator as news photographers snapped the scene. Only when he got into the elevator and the cameras stopped clicking did Demonstrator Miller finally quit. Calmly he told the marshals: "You can put me down now. I'll walk."

POLICE

Squad-Car Lawyers

The police, sledge hammers in hand, battered their way into a Chicago apartment. It was empty. Where were the gamblers they had been tipped off about? Gone, said the tipster. They had moved their bookmaking and policy operation to another house down the block. What to do? Was it legal to go after them in their new lair even though the search warrant specified the first address and not the second?

The answer was yes, and the police got it on the spot from lawyer Frank Carrington, 31, a legal adviser to the Chicago police department who had come along for the pinch. Reinforced with knowledge of the law, the cops rushed to the nearby building, arrested the bookie and four customers, and picked up policy slips and other incriminating evidence. "It was a good pinch," says Carrington. "I think it will stick in court."

Legal Interns. In the wake of U.S. Supreme Court rulings setting stringent guidelines for policemen to follow in searching, seizing and questioning suspects, many law-enforcement officers complain that they are hamstrung. Said one disgruntled Corpus Christi, Texas, cop: "It's getting so bad that lawyers practically have to ride around in patrol cars." That's precisely what Frank Carrington and a number of other young lawyers, trained at Northwestern's Law School under a \$300,000, five-year Ford Foundation grant, have been doing. "The resolution of conflicts between maximum police efficiency and maximum individual liberty," says the program's codirector, Professor James Thompson, "calls for the application of sound legal counsel not only in the courts, but also in the police precincts,



CORPUS CHRISTI'S PILCHER
For a pinch that sticks.

where the average criminal case begins." Under the Northwestern program, graduate law students divide their first year between studying in the classroom and working with the Chicago police. Their second year is spent interning full time with other police departments.

Northwestern-trained legal advisers are now with police in Pittsburgh, Corpus Christi and Chicago. At first, says Legal Intern Wayland Pilcher, who is with the Corpus Christi force, the cops were suspicious of him. But they came around once it dawned on them that his job was to make their own "work more effective within the guidelines of the law."

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

The Child of Artificial Insemination

In harmonious families, life runs relatively free of legal hazard for a child produced by A.I.D. (artificial insemination by a donor). But let a will be contested or a marriage break up, and suddenly his status becomes clouded: Is he legitimate or illegitimate? Is he entitled to support as other children are? What rights does he have to his "father's" estate?

Only last month a California court tried to answer such questions in the nation's first A.I.D. criminal case. At issue was the fate of Christopher Sorensen, 6, a product of artificial insemination to which his mother's sterile husband, Steelworker Folmer J. Sorensen, had agreed. After a 1964 divorce, the boy lived with his mother, who bitterly refused any financial aid from Sorensen. When Mrs. Sorensen became ill and applied for welfare funds last year, the



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Sonoma County district attorney charged Sorensen with violating a state law that makes willful nonsupport of a legitimate child a misdemeanor. To convict Sorensen, Municipal Court Judge James F. Jones Jr. relied partly on the public policy that "all children born in wedlock are presumed the legitimate issue of the marital partners."

Blurring by Mixing. Whether such a conviction would stand up in a higher court is open to question. Although the practice of artificial insemination by donor is growing (perhaps 150,000 living Americans were so conceived), not a single state or federal law defines the rights of the offspring. Only one legal case, in New York in 1948 (*Straud v. Straud*), has held an artificially inseminated child to be legitimate. All other

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MRS. SORENSON

Nothing to define the rights.

cases on record seem to rule in favor of illegitimacy, whether the husband gave his consent or not.

No court has yet tackled the problem of inheritance rights. In many states, illegitimate children of parents who die without a will can inherit property only from the mother, not the father. The best solution may be for parents to adopt the child and provide for him in a will. But many parents balk at adoption because it might become public knowledge; impotence and sterility are hardly matters that husbands care to reveal. And even if the child is adopted, his inheritance rights may be less than those of ordinary children.

What blocks the legislation needed to clear all this up is indifference—plus opposition by religious groups that contend that artificial insemination by a donor constitutes adultery. Last month the Oklahoma house of representatives approved a bill (it has still to pass the senate) that would make that state the first in the U.S. to recognize children produced by artificial insemination as legitimate. Seven other states have tried and failed in the past to enact such basic legislation.

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EXHIBITIONS

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Thus Poet Ben Jonson, with as much irony as admiration, honored the costly pageants known as masques and performed at the courts of Britain's James I and Charles I. The happenings of their day, masques were part allegorical or pastoral drama, and part dance: the participants were actors, mimes, musicians, lords and ladies of the court, and some times even the reigning monarch himself. Jonson wrote some two dozen such verse spectacles, but his sprightly dialogues and ballads were all too often lost amid the splendor of costumes, sets and elaborate stage effects dreamed up by the Florenz Ziegfeld of the Stuart court, Inigo Jones.

Banished Burly. In 1631, in the granddaddy of all showbiz altercations, Jones and Jonson split (the argument, naturally, concerned who should get top billing). But so popular was Jones with Connoisseur King Charles that Jonson was forced to retire from court. Jones continued to rule as the arbiter of taste—until, with the Puritan revolution, he probably landed in prison and eventually an obscure grave. Plentiful evidence of his flamboyant wit and stagecraft can be seen in an exhibit of 119 drawings of stage sets, props and costumes from the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth, currently on display at Washington's National Gallery.

The exhibit includes small models of sets, assembled under the direction of Chatsworth's keeper, Thomas S. Wragg, but the drawings more nearly illustrate why a contemporary observed

that Jones, "in designing with his pen, was not to be equalled by whatsoever great masters in his time for boldness, softness, sweetness and sureness of touch." The son of a Smithfield cloth-worker, Inigo Jones was trained as a painter, studied in Italy, and was largely responsible for putting England back into the mainstream of Renaissance culture, from which it had been isolated by the Reformation. Appointed the Crown's surveyor-general in 1615, Jones turned into an architect of note, designing the portico to St. Paul's Cathedral and the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall with the serene neoclassicism of Italy's Palladio, thus banishing forever burly Tudor beams and gables.

Ougly Hell. As master of the court revels from 1605 onwards, Jones revolutionized English stage techniques, importing the Italian proscenium arch and exiling the simple "wooden O" of Shakespeare's stage for three centuries. From Florence, he adapted stage sets that consisted of verried ranks of flats painted in perspective, with a distant vista on the backdrop, "the whole work shooting downwards," as Jonson said, "which caught the eye afarre off with a wandering beauty."

Jones delighted in intricate stage machinery, created supernatural effects ranging from the mouth of an "ougly Hell" that shot flames to a "heaven opening," full of deities and a celestial chorus. He specially enjoyed sketching extravagant costumes for the court ladies, most of which he designed so that the ladies were prettily, if ingenuously, exposed, wearing at most diaphanous veils across the bosom. Seventeenth century ladies, however, were an imperious lot, and had no compunctions about altering their dress to suit themselves. History does not record how many of them actually chose to turn up bare-breasted at the festivities.

PAINTINGS

Myopic Tribute

One of the most cosmopolitan outposts of the Roman Empire during the 1st to 4th centuries A.D. was Egypt's Faiyum region, about 60 miles south of Cairo on the Nile. A fertile farming and business community, it was settled by many retired Roman legionnaires, along with emigrant Greeks, Jews and native Egyptians. It became, according to Egyptologist William Peek, 34, a "prosperous, highly civilized region with a well-developed bureaucratic system of local government, and an elaborate social structure, fairly comparable to Detroit." By a fluke of custom and climate, the residents of Faiyum are today among the best known—or at least most clearly visualized—citizens of classic times. On display last week at the Detroit Institute of Arts, where Peek is associate curator of ancient and medieval art, were lifelike portraits of 23 of Faiyum's distinguished residents (see color page) gathered together from museums in the U.S. and Canada.

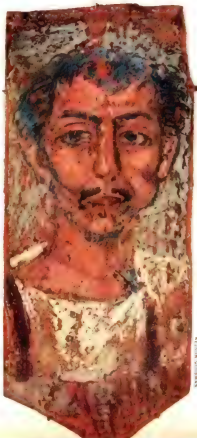
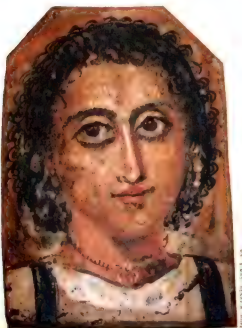
Despite their startlingly modern appearance and realistic technique, the portraits happen to be among the oldest painted likenesses in the Western world. Earlier Egyptians and Mesopotamian peoples depicted their kings and pharaohs with rigid stylization; Greeks in the age of Pericles idealized the human face and form. It was not until the era of Alexander the Great that realism of any kind became fashionable. From the many Hellenistic and Roman busts of marble that have survived we know how the ancients saw and depicted themselves. But the moist climates of Greece and Italy have long since sent most classical paintings (except those buried under the ashes and lava at Pompeii and Herculaneum) crumbling into dust.

Wrinkles & Chins. The bone-dry climate of North Africa, however, has preserved almost perfectly the portraits painted at Faiyum, especially those done on wood panels in encaustic (a mixture of beeswax and pigment, usually applied with a *cauterium*, or hot spatula). Today, these paintings tell historians most of what is known about portrait technique 1,100 years before the Renaissance. Modeling and shading were expertly done. Except that the anonymous workmen of Faiyum customarily enlarged eyes (large pupils being considered at the time a sign of beauty), classical realism was faithful in portraying hair styles, jewelry, wrinkles and occasionally double chins.

The portraits also pay myopic tribute to Egypt's power to assimilate its conquerors. All are mummy portraits, painted during the lifetime of the subject, which were hung in the home, then affixed to the graveclothes after death. Names and occupations, inscribed on a few of the portraits, show that they were of wealthy government officials, school-teachers, matrons or businessmen from



Among world's oldest portrait paintings are those done of Roman colonists in Egypt between the 1st and 4th centuries A.D. Likenesses were done in prime of life, kept for owners' funeral shrouds. Panels show change in style from realism of classical era to pre-Byzantine schematization. Earliest (two at top and bottom left) were done in encaustic, or wax, fasted better than later one (bottom right) in tempera.



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a variety of racial backgrounds. All, evidently, subscribed to the Egyptian religion, which required the preservation of the body so that it could be united with Osiris after death.

Pollock Revisited

In the eleven years since he was killed in a car crack-up at the age of 44, Abstract Expressionist Jackson Pollock, famed for his whiplash paintings, truculent insistence on wearing cowboy boots, and his drunken rages, has ceased to be regarded as a guru among his fellow artists. A more sophisticated public is no longer shocked by the fact that he dribbled and threw paint at his monumental canvases instead of applying it with a brush. For those accustomed to the bright glow of neon, even his colors seem calm. In short, Pollock has become something that many artists dread more than being controversial: he has become an institution.

In 1956, only a handful of his paintings hung in museums; today, there are more than 30, and their prices have escalated some 1,500% (a major drip painting by Pollock now brings upwards of \$100,000). Matters have even reached the stage where, when Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art last week opened an immense Pollock retrospective, some critics decided that it was high time to begin to debunk the "myth" of his achievement. Sniffed the New York Times's Hilton Kramer: "An interesting artist of, say, the third class. It is only the poverty of our own artistic values that has elevated his accomplishment into something higher."

Pollock's fellow artists, however, still view his work with admiration. Over 400 of them turned up to survey the 172 paintings and drawings assembled by Curator William S. Lieberman with the cooperation of Pollock's widow, Painter Lee Krasner. At the party before the openings, both old friends and those who had never met Pollock were equally enthusiastic. Jasper Johns was particularly taken with the extraordinary range and variety of the works in the exhibition, which begins with Pollock's earliest, and remarkably mediocre, landscapes, reflecting the influence of his first mentor, Thomas Hart Benton, continues through his famous "drip" paintings of the late 1940s and early 1950s, and concludes with his anguished return to figuration just before his death.

Said Robert Motherwell: "I have a deep respect for Pollock. After a slow start, like Van Gogh, he skyrocketed for a few years." Added Richard Lindner: "He broke through the traditions of the European painters. Don't forget the time—when he painted, America was very dependent on European tradition. In 50 years, Pollock will probably be more important than he is today—maybe not as a painter, but for liberation." Said Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning, who did not attend the opening: "Pollock broke the ice."



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SCIENCE



SHEA



LOW

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SPACE

How Soon the Moon?

Since the flash fire that killed Gus Grissom, Ed White and Roger Chaffee last January, the Apollo program has been at a mournful standstill. Eyes previously trained on the moon have turned during the past three months to minutely attentive investigation of what went wrong, and why. "The accident makes you take a good hard look at your strengths and weaknesses," explained a NASA man last week. "But there is no intention in all this to find fall guys."

Perhaps not, but next day NASA abruptly announced a top-level, "accident-related" shake-up. Brilliant, energetic Joe Shea, 40, the Apollo spacecraft program manager, was shifted from Houston to Washington, where he will become the deputy associate administrator for manned space flight. His job went to the deputy director of the Houston Manned Spacecraft Center, George Low. NASA insisted that Shea was not being demoted. But even Shea's friends were unsure what his appointment as aide to Manned Space Flight Chief Dr. George Mueller meant. As one of them put it, "If Joe stays in Washington, it'll be a promotion. If he leaves in three or four months, you'll know this move amounted to being fired."

Starting Point. Whichever it was, it came just before the release of the massive, nine-volume NASA report on the fire, due for delivery early this week to the House Committee on Science and Astronautics. By all accounts, the report does not pinpoint the exact cause of the fire and suggests that no absolutely precise blame will ever be fixed. But it does list two or three possible causes—all of them involving electrical malfunctions—and states that the trouble almost certainly started in or near one of the wiring bundles located to the left and

just in front of Grissom's seat on the left-side of the cabin. It was a spot visible only to Chaffee in the right-hand seat.

To prove their thesis, NASA engineers took a test Apollo spacecraft in Houston and duplicated the conditions aboard Apollo 204 during the tragedy—without humans. The suspect bundles were put in place and made to malfunction. The fire started. It remained invisible for five or six seconds and then came into view from Chaffee's seat. During the real fire, it was at this moment that Chaffee sounded the alarm. From then on, the pattern and intensity of the test fire followed almost to the second the pattern and intensity of the fire aboard Apollo 204 as reconstructed by scientists.

As a result, the indicted parts have been painstakingly gone over. Procedures for dry-run checkouts will be drastically altered. The danger, NASA admits, was not properly estimated in advance, and the exercise that cost three lives was too routinely regarded. If the usual safety checks for an actual launch had been run on the day of the simulation, the accident probably would not have occurred. In future simulations, such checks will be run. Also, pure oxygen will not be used at 16 lbs. per sq. in. during routine manned ground tests as it was that day: the higher pressure meant that the fire spread five times as fast as it would have in a normal atmosphere. A new quick-opening hatch is also being designed, and the surprising number of combustible items aboard—including the astronauts' own space suits and the craft's insulating foam—are being redesigned using materials that are more fire-resistant.

Eight Sites. The January fire blew NASA's schedule to bits. Before the accident, things were going so well that a tentative date and minute for the moon-probe lift-off had been set: February 1, 1968, at 10:35 a.m. Now it looks

as if the first manned test flight will just be going up then, a full year late. That does not necessarily mean a year's delay in trying for the moon, however. Since spacecraft, rocket and other production will continue throughout the coming year despite the lack of manned missions, Apollo equipment will be all set and ready to go—even allowing for last-minute modifications—almost as soon as each previous flight is ended. And the moon bid could come as soon as the third manned Apollo mission.

NASA was showing signs of looking forward again by the end of last week. It announced that after analysis of the pictures taken by Lunar Orbiter 3 in February, eight "candidate" lunar landing sites have now been chosen.

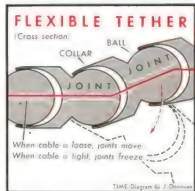
SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Flexi-Firm Tether

At the end of his tether during a space walk, the astronaut suddenly seems to be in trouble. His command pilot orders him back aboard the spacecraft, but he does not respond. Something has happened to him, and obviously he must be recovered. But how?

The problem could arise during any extravehicular activity, and the answer seems simple: haul in the tether. But in frictionless space, the free-floating astronaut is orbiting the spaceship as it circles the earth, and any attempt to pull him in would make him rotate around it so fast that he would be ultimately subjected to fatal G forces. He would also be moving at an uncontrollable speed when he finally reached—and crashed into—the spacecraft.

The problem puzzled General Electric's Dr. Theodore Marton until one evening when he was playing with his son's stand-mounted toy dog made of beads. When the bottom of the stand was pressed up, the string threaded through the beads relaxed and the dog collapsed; when it was released, the string-together dog was pulled into shape again. Why not use the same simple principle in a tether? So Marton built a new space line of interlocking aluminum balls and collars, all strung on a central cable. When the cable is loose, the tether is completely flexible, bending at each ball joint. But when



tightened by a winch or a similar device, the cable pulls all parts together and in effect freezes the line in whatever position it is in. It then becomes the functional equivalent of a stick. If the astronaut's power pack has malfunctioned but he is otherwise alright, he can pull himself in, hand over hand, on the rigid tether. If he is unconscious, the loose tether can be gently reeled in, then made rigid to stop him in relation to the spacecraft, then reeled again, and so on until he reaches the hatch.

Toy, Too. This finding alone was enough to interest the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. But ever since making the first one, Dr. Marton has been thinking of more applications for his discovery. Two of the flexi-firm tethers, attached to either side of an astronaut's belt, could be clamped anywhere on the spacecraft, effectively fixing him in position and thereby giving him work stability and leverage. Thicker, stronger versions could be used as construction parts in space and on the moon. Shipped aloft coiled, they could then be set permanently in any needed position by turning a cable-tightening screw.

Back on earth, the ingenious rope could be used underwater to aid aquanauts. Average citizens might well want a version to moor a boat or tow a car, the idea in both cases being to keep things apart as well as together. And Dr. Marton thinks his brainchild might make a big public impact from whence it sprang—as a toy. Flung out loose and then frozen, it makes a marvelously accurate lasso as well as tripper-upper and grabber-onto of things it wraps around. His two children have already demolished two of his homemade versions.

Construction in space could also be aided by a new shelter developed under an Air Force contract at Hughes Aircraft. The prefabricated shelters would be made of fiber-glass cloth and ordinary gelatin. Folded and sealed into an airtight package, each could be unfolded when and where needed. Exposed to the moon's vacuum, for instance, the water in the gelatin would quickly evaporate, hardening the gelatin-soaked cloth into a near-instant solid dwelling for astronauts of the future.



DR. MARTON & CHILDREN AT PLAY
To keep things apart as well as together.

Why put up with crank mail?



Now the smallest postage user can afford to own an electric postage machine. One that runs on its own power—instead of yours.

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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADCASTING

Hour of Amateurs

Steve Labunski had never done hot-line radio in his life, but when he took over New York City's top-rated Brad Crandall show on WNBC last week, he fielded stupid phone calls from listeners like a real pro. Over and over, of course, Labunski kept warning that "the views expressed do not necessarily re-

members and roughly 1,500 supporters from sister unions. That was a lot of muscle flexing, considering that the contract dispute involved a mere 300 announcers and newsmen from the three networks' outlets in New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles. For the reporters, AFTRA was asking a \$325-a-week guaranteed salary plus at least 50% of the fees earned for sponsored appearances; the networks were offering \$300 and 25%. For the announcers, the industry's proposal of \$220 a week was within \$5 of the union's demand. AFTRA also was asking networks to maintain announcers solely for their FM stations, a demand that management described as "blatantly featherbedding." By NBC's reckoning, "The effect would be the hiring of three additional men to handle a total of two hours work each week." At any rate, the picketers were not exactly eligible for the welfare rolls. Even under the currently expired old contract, the announcers and newsmen in 1966 averaged well over \$20,000 a year.

Protest Letter. The strike meanwhile precipitated some more moral wrestling among newsmakers and newsmen. Dean Rusk and Kenneth Galbraith, new head of the Americans for Democratic Action, discreetly canceled scheduled appearances on public-affairs shows, while Senator Wayne Morse passed through the AFTRA picket line to go on ABC's *Scope*. Bennett Cerf, who is both a union member (panelist on *What's My Line?*) and a management man (board member of RCA), elected, of course, not to picket.

The No. 1 AFTRA renegade was still Chet Huntley, who was busy between newscasts trying to round up a cadre of journalists in an effort to start up a separate union. He didn't make any progress last week. In fact, 48 newsmen sent him an open protest letter headlined: "Where Were You, Mr. Huntley?" Predictably, annoyance at times gave way to acrimony. Jim Hoffman, an NBC time salesman who took over the *11th Hour News* on WNBC-TV walked into Hurley's, the broadcasters' favorite Sixth Avenue bar—and into an earful from striking Newswoman Liz Trotta. "Why are you being rough on me?" he asked her. "Well I'll tell you," huffed Trotta. "We just don't like amateurs." That opinion was Liz Trotta's, and did not necessarily reflect that of the nation's viewers.

Prince of Wails

If the networks seemed to take the strike rather calmly last week, it was because they had the programming problem taped. When they ran out of fresh shows, all they had to do was rerun old ones. Or so it seemed until midweek, when Johnny Carson, incomparable compere of the *Tonight* show, blew the

whistle—and town. He was through for good, it was announced, because the National Broadcasting Co. was playing tapes of his old shows during the AFTRA strike.

One of his associates explained that Carson "thrives on topical humor. He looks like an idiot talking about Christmas in those old tapes they have been using." That sounded reasonable, except that Carson had never complained before about the chopped-up, ad-ridden *Tonight* repeats that NBC runs every Sunday night of the year. At that point, Carson, who was lolling out the strike on the beach at Fort Lauderdale, came up with another and loftier justification of his stand. "I was required to join AFTRA in order to work for the network," he said. "I know of no business except the broadcasting industry in which a performer becomes a seah to himself and his union because of films and videotape."

The conclusion of insiders was that the rerun issue was just the excuse that Carson needed in order to break and possibly sweeten the three-year NBC contract that he had signed last April. This winter, he took on Show Business Attorney Arnold Grant, and last month they asked NBC about reopening negotiations. The present contract provides Carson with more than \$700,000 for a 39-week year, but that is far less than the \$40,000 a week that he can earn playing nightclubs.

In the meantime, NBC announced publicly that it "looks forward to wel-



ZENKER NEWSCASTING (ON SCREEN: LIU SHAO-CHI)
Something to say for a change of pace.

fleet those of management." That was funny, since Stephen B. Labunski is the president of NBC Radio.

Thus continued the absurd ironies occasioned by the broadcasting strike that began two weeks ago: on the inside, a thin, red-eyed line of executives and management staffers making like performers; on the outside, the well-clad picket line of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, proving by their absence that radio and TV could use a change of face once in a while.

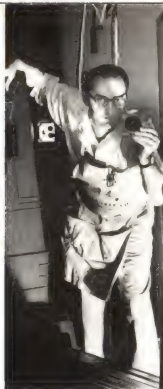
Striking Spots. In addition to NBC's Labunski, there was old Arnold Zenker again (11:30, April 7), filling in for Walter Cronkite and doing a pretty good job of telling the news too. True enough, some of the other substitutes sounded like sweet young office secretaries or shipping clerks trying to be discovered. For compensation, there was a sense of humor about it all. Public Affairs Manager George Heinemann, who had taken over WNBC-TV's evening weather shows, couldn't help looking like an elderly but appealing high school boy hauled up to the front of the classroom for a recitation. NBC Radio's spot announcements were peppered with statements like, "WNBC, the station that never strikes out," while ABC Radio proclaimed that "more of the pickets you want to see are in front of all-American radio 77, WABC."

The real irony was the walkout itself, which had now spread to 18,000 AFTRA



CARSON ON THE BEACH
Perfect excuse for a sweetener.

coming Johnny Carson back to work at the end of the AFTRA strike," but was privately negotiating with Comic Bob Newhart as a desperation replacement. All the while, Carson was describing himself as "a free agent," or, as he put it in a beachside, bathing-suit interview with CBS, "an unemployed prince."



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COMEDIANS

Woody, Woody, Everywhere

The problem with his first marriage, explains Woody Allen, was his attitude toward his wife: he placed her under a pedestal. For one thing, their deep philosophical discussions always ended with her proving that he did not exist. Worse yet, she was immature: whenever he took a bath, she would walk in and sink his boats. After five years, it was a tossup between a trip to Bermuda or a divorce. They decided to split up, reasoning that a vacation is over in two weeks, but a divorce is something they would always have.

Riding the marriage-go-round is an Allen specialty, and when he does it on TV and in nightclubs, everyone howls. Everyone, that is, except his first wife Harlene. 28. She lumes. Last week,



ALLEN & WIFE LOUISE

Beaten by all races and creeds.

charging that since their divorce in 1962 Allen "has continued to hold me up to scorn and ridicule," she—and her lawyer—made threatening noises about filing a defamation-of-character suit.

Droll Troll. Actually, Allen, 31, defames no one more scandalously than he does himself. He is a droll troll, a neurotic elf, a Freudian slip with legs. His basic problem, he says, is living up to his image of himself as an intellectual Cary Grant, which is not easy "when one is from Flatbush, stands just 5½ feet tall, weighs 123 pounds, can't see any too well, and has a head of odd-looking red hair." To compensate, he bites his nails, and when his supply runs out, "I bite the nails of loved ones."

In the past two years, he has turned his surrealist view of life into a light industry. After making his mark on the club circuit, he wrote and appeared in *What's New, Pussycat?*, which rang up one of the biggest box-office grosses

ever (over \$8.3 million) for a comedy movie. Then, in the Japanese-made film *What's Up, Tiger Lily?*, he collected \$75,000 for supplying the dubbed-in dialogue that is totally alien to anything that is happening on-screen. In November, following a performance in the forthcoming *Casino Royale*, in which he ad-libbed 60% of his lines, he opened his new Broadway play *Don't Drink the Water*, for which he gets an average weekly royalty check of \$3,500.

Between and between, he dashed off four comic essays for *The New Yorker*, appeared on numerous TV shows at \$10,000 a shot, played Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas for \$25,000 a week, turned out two bestselling comedy albums, and lent his owlish visage to several advertisements ranging from Smirnoff's vodka to Foster Grant sunglasses. Now he is completing a new nightclub act as well as a play about "a happily neurotic love affair." This summer he plans to begin work on *Take the Money and Run*, a new film he co-authored and will star in. Has success spoiled him? "I just fail with a better class of women now," sighs Woody, adding that Parker Bros. has bought the memoirs of his love life and will turn it into a new parlor game.

Warning Sign. Allen's portrayal of the shy, withdrawn, sensitive, slightly ticky-fall guy is only partly an act. His monologues are drawn from personal experiences, often exaggerated and wildly distorted. He was truly bullied as a kid; from these experiences comes the story of a vacation at an interfaith camp, where "I was sadistically beaten by boys of all races and creeds." He was once nugged, and that led to a routine about his carrying a sword, which in case of attack changes to a cane "so I can get sympathy." Now, he adds, he warns away street rowdies by wearing a sign that says: "Do not fold, staple or mutilate."

Security for Woody is his six-room brownstone on Manhattan's 79th Street, where he landed after indecisively trying apartments on 61st, 75th, 78th, 80th and 74th Streets. He is a compulsive worker, goes for months without reading a newspaper, spends up to 15 hours a day holed up in his den, pacing the room, laughing and talking to himself, dashing to the typewriter when he comes up with a line, says, about the Southern bigot and bedwetter who went to Klan meetings in a rubber sheet. As he works, he constantly plies himself with chocolate malteds, chocolate bars and chocolate cake, seeks inspiration by retreating to the library to shoot billiards. On the road, he totes along his clarinet and a ton of New Orleans jazz records and stereo equipment so that he can jam along with the records in his hotel room. Says Woody: "I'm not as normal as I appear."

Married a year ago to Actress Louise Lasser, 26, he has found a new source for material: "My wife cooked her first dinner for me. I choked on a bone in the chocolate pudding."

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April 6, 1987

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Maybe you remember the sensation it caused.

Traffic jams in Chicago. Uneasiness in Detroit. Frenzy in New York where, in one September week, it outdrew every show on Broadway. And in empty showrooms all over the country signs began to appear. "Coming Soon... The New Tucker!"

It was the year "Happy" Chandler, the czar of baseball, suspended Leo Durocher for the season. Gil Dodds held the indoor mile record at 4:06.4.

They were building Kaisers in the big Liberator bomber plant at Willow Run. And skirts were so long that the only knees in sight belonged to Sally Rand. You danced to the music of Wayne King. And you listened to radio because television hadn't yet become TV.

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THE YEAR OF T



Seagram Distillers Company,
N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey.
86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

two decades hasn't stayed up there by accident.

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It's first in the big cities and in the small towns: first in bars and in homes; first with younger drinkers and older drinkers; first in California and in Maine. And it has stayed in first place for a good reason, that elusive thing called quality . . . easy to say but terrifically hard to achieve.

Quality means that there are no bargains when you buy your grain.

It means that you pick your ingredients not because the price is right but to make the flavor right.

It means a drill sergeant's attention to each detail, from scouring floors, to building barrels, to testing, testing and re-testing the whiskey itself.

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And the result is rather dramatic. Light-bodied whiskey. Whiskey that tastes better. And above all, whiskey with taste that never varies from bottle to bottle, from year to year, from coast to coast.

Taste that never varies. That is the measure of quality in a whiskey. And in the end, no distiller can match the consistent quality of taste in Seagram's 7 Crown simply because no distiller has Seagram's facilities, resources and experience behind him.

So far, so good. But what about tomorrow?

Unsettling as it is, change is the rule of life. So hold on to your hat. The next twenty years will make the ones we've just been through seem tame.

About the only thing you can be sure of is that in 1987 Seagram's 7 Crown will still be first. Because it's better whiskey.

Always has been. Always will be.

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THE TIN GOOSE



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Ex-Navy officer George Washburn is a graduate of New York University. He began his career in finance in 1937 with one of the nation's largest banks, becoming an officer in 1940. After military service he entered the securities business in 1945 as a registered representative. Turning to mutual funds, he became manager of a leading mutual fund retail sales department and later vice president of a national mutual fund distributor. He joined our firm in 1964 as National Mutual Fund Sales Manager. A frequent speaker at industry meetings, he is also the author of a number of articles on mutual funds and was a founding member of the Investment Association of New York.

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES

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U.S. BUSINESS

BANKING

Now There's Plenty of Money

What the Johnson Administration wants, the Federal Reserve Board has not always delivered—at least not while the economy was booming. In late 1965, when the President wanted an easy-money policy, the Fed seemed to go out of its way to tighten things up. But ever since business turned sluggish last winter, the President and the Reserve Board have been working in tandem. The Federal Reserve sliced required bank reserves to make money more available. The Administration pushed the reinstatement of the 7% investment credit on corporate capital spending, pumped money into a drooping mortgage market, stepped up highway and other construction spending, including \$1.14 billion more released last week. Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin and his governors also took a major step last week. The seven-man board voted unanimously to reduce the discount rate—the interest rate charged banks that borrow from the Federal Reserve—from 4½%, where it has stood for 17 months, to 4%.

Less to Lyndon. Though the move had been anticipated for weeks, cynics immediately suggested that the reduction was Martin's debt to Easy-Money Man Johnson—a quid for the quo of his reappointment as Reserve Board chairman the week before. A more logical explanation was that this time the Fed, which is often a leader in money matters, was simply a follower. It was reacting to an earlier drop from 6% to 5½% in the prime rate—the interest rate that commercial banks charge blue-chip customers. The Board's decision was less a tribute to Lyndon than an acknowledgment of sorts to Chase Manhattan Bank President David Rockefeller, the first banker to lower the prime rate, and the man who held fast to his decision despite opposition from competitors.

For all that, last week's move was mostly psychological; in spite of the new rate, few member banks are likely to rush to the Federal Reserve's discount windows for loans. At the moment, they have all the money they need. A record rate of consumer saving and a decline in demand for loans have pushed bank reserves to a four-year high. Bank deposits have increased 20% at an annual rate since the beginning of the year, while loans have dropped by \$1.9 billion or 1.4%. Certificates of deposit, which hit a high of \$18.6 billion during the tight-money crisis last August, rose even higher last month until they reached \$19.1 billion. Last week New York's First National City Bank announced that it was cutting the interest rate on small-sized CDs from 5% to 4½%. Other banks began limiting the CDs they would accept.

From Bank to Bonds. One reason that the lending market is slow is that banks are deliberately building up reserves after having practically loaned themselves out of money last fall. Another reason is that even with the prime rate reduced to 5½%, many a corporate customer has turned to the bond market to get money for such immediate needs as repaying bank loans and building cash on hand. Corporate bond issues last month reached a record \$1.64 billion. Banks, as a result, have also turned to the bond market to keep their excess funds working. So far this year they have invested \$4.6 billion in municipal and Government bonds, keeping most of their money in short-term securities that can be

governments decided to cash in all their dollars at the same time, the Treasury's \$13.1 billion store of the precious yellow metal would simply disappear. Last week that unlikely possibility prompted the nation's two largest banks to call for some major changes in U.S. gold policy.

Shifting the Burden. David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan bank, airing its views in its bimonthly "Business in Brief" bulletin, suggested that the nation make it "unmistakably clear that in a crisis" the U.S. would cease selling gold. Such a policy, the bank contended, would help shift to European countries "the burden of decision regarding the defense of the dollar"—a move that



BANKERS ROCKEFELLER & PETERSON AT NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Every time one tentacle is covered another pops out.

quickly liquidated if cash is needed. With so much money around, and the discount rate reduced, some businessmen say that they expect the prime rate to drop still lower. Few bankers agree. They expect loan demand to increase by midyear with a revitalized economy. They are confident that when that happens, their customers will come to them, eager to borrow at the present 5½% rate.

GOLD

Octopus in a Blanket

In the past nine years, while playing its problem-loaded role of banker and Santa Claus to the free world, the U.S. has run up deficits totaling \$24 billion in its international accounts. And because the U.S. permits foreign countries to exchange their dollars for U.S. gold, the balance-of-payments deficit has severely eroded the U.S. gold stock. Today, in the unlikely event that all foreign

Chase Manhattan implied might be a pretty sound idea. Two days later, President Richard A. Peterson of California's Bank of America went even further. In a talk to the New York Chamber of Commerce, he argued that "as a last resort" the U.S. should refuse to sell gold if the gold drain becomes "intolerable." He added that "there is no overwhelming reason why we should sustain the dollar value of gold. We may have to reconsider our gold-buying policy."

To a remarkable degree, both suggestions echoed a thinly veiled warning issued last month by Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, who said that European countries are inviting economic retaliation by their failure to help the U.S. end its balance-of-payments deficit. Last week, in a subtle move giving substance to that message, the U.S. offered to boost its dollar aid to poor countries through the World Bank only if an increased share of the bank's loans was

used to buy U.S. products. Moreover, Washington insisted that the U.S. share of such "soft loan" largesse be trimmed from its present 42% to 40%. However unpopular abroad, such restrictions would minimize the strain foreign aid places on the U.S. payments deficit.

Piecemeal Harm. In his New York address, Banker Peterson castigated Government efforts to end that deficit as a "piecemeal attack" that so far is doing the nation more harm than good. Such business curbs as voluntary restraint on overseas spending by private companies and the interest-equalization tax that penalizes foreign borrowers in U.S. markets, Peterson warned, "chip away at what makes U.S. and world enterprises profitable and productive. The whole show," he said, "is reminiscent of a silent-motion-picture comedian trying to wrap an octopus in a blanket. Every time he gets one tentacle covered, another pops out."

Instead of worrying about a payments deficit equal to a mere 1% of the total U.S. output of goods and services, said Peterson, Washington should develop a new "global economic strategy" that recognizes the extraordinary strength of the U.S. economy. "The anxiety at home and abroad over the soundness of the dollar," he insisted, "is grossly exaggerated. The dollar will remain indefinitely the medium *par excellence* for financing international trade."

AUTOS

The Westinghouse Rebellion

Motorists will probably never be tempted to sing "See the U.S.A. in a Westinghouse," but before long they will be able to take one for a swing down to the local shopping center. In Los Angeles last week, Westinghouse Electric Corp. President Donald C. Burnham announced plans for production of "a small electric vehicle for around-town transportation."

Called the Markette, Westinghouse's boxy little (1,730 lbs.) electric car will carry two passengers at speeds up to 25 m.p.h. Its twelve conventional six-volt

lead-acid batteries will drive it for 50 miles at a cost of about 1¢ a mile, can be recharged in eight hours through a cord plugged into ordinary house current. Many motorists may balk at joining the Westinghouse rebellion, since the car, which will sell for "under \$22,000," will need \$300 worth of new batteries every two years. Still Westinghouse claims that it already has orders in hand for the minimum 500 Markettes it will produce this year.

Even if its little car promises to start off with quick sales, Westinghouse admits that the Markette is at best a "transitional" car, not likely to replace internal-combustion engines in enough numbers to begin to solve the auto-caused air-pollution problem. As for its power source, it is only a little more advanced than the lead-acid electrics of the 1920s—or the golf carts Westinghouse already builds at its Marketer Division plant in Redlands, Calif.

Advanced work on electric cars still centers around cheaper, more powerful batteries. General Motors, for example, is continuing work on high-capacity silver-zinc batteries, though they are still inordinately expensive. Ford has designed a sodium-sulphur battery that could drive a Falcon-sized car up to 130 miles at 50 m.p.h. Scientists agree that a production car using a version of either battery is still five to ten years off.

Meanwhile, the search for new, non-polluting power sources grows ever more active. Speaking at Columbia University in Manhattan last week, Dr. Richard S. Morse, head of a Commerce Department team studying motor vehicles, said that the Government was interested in "any possible means of moving people and goods around," including "fuel cells, batteries, turbines and steam engines." In fact, said Morse, "we're looking at everything from rubber bands on up."

CORPORATIONS

Replaying for Profit

One of the busiest TV performers during the strike against the networks has been the Ampex Corp. of Redwood

CHARLEY KUNNY

City, Calif. As the supplier of 75% of the complex electronic equipment used in television production, Ampex accounts for most of the videotape recorders that are now working overtime, unrelenting reruns while live stars man the picket lines.

When the need for reruns runs out, Ampex may be busier than ever. At the National Association of Broadcasters convention in Chicago last week, Ampex engineers showed off new gear that promises to greatly expand the versatility of television. Most impressive of the items is a \$65,000 combination camera and videotape recorder (VTR)



AMPEX'S VIDEO CAMERA RECORDER
Fast and slow, instantly and in color.

that will enable a single roving newsmen to record news events on tape for immediate broadcast. The 50-lb., battery-powered pack can tape up to 20 minutes of black-and-white action on a single reel, does away with the gear-laden truck and crew now required for mobile videotape coverage.

Ampex also demonstrated a new \$110,000 VTR that should have particular appeal to TV sports buffs. By recording on large metal disks rather than reels of magnetic tape, the machine will permit the first "instant replays" in color. As if that were not enough, it will allow action to be run forward and in reverse in both fast and slow motion. For the rapidly expanding market in closed-circuit videotape for educational and industry-training programs, Ampex also introduced a color VTR that at \$4,495 is the first ever to be available under \$50,000.

Snickering Critics. No one gets more satisfaction from the new products than Ampex President William E. Roberts, 52. Once the No. 2 man at Bell & Howell, Roberts joined Ampex in 1961 after the loosely managed company had tumbled deep into the red. Many of Roberts' remedies were routine: he centralized administrative control, for example, and lopped off unprofitable product lines. Yet, despite Ampex' shortage of cash, Roberts also ordered a lavish step-up in research and development spending. R. & D. engineers and scientists were set to work on so many new projects that snickering critics took to calling Ampex "the model shop."

Ignoring the snickers, Roberts insisted on "an adequate yield for each dollar spent" on R. & D.—and got more than anyone expected. In five years, the returns have soared from 1961's \$3,900,000 deficit to \$8,510,000 profit. Sales have more than doubled, to \$169 million in fiscal 1966; they are running 32% better than that for fiscal 1967, which ends April 30.

"Instant Re-Fry." For the future, Ampex looks for most of its growth to come from new and cheaper videotape



BURNHAM AT WHEEL OF ELECTRIC CAR
If not the U.S.A., see the town anyway.

equipment, Ampex competes with G.E. and Japan's Sony and Panasonic in the burgeoning closed-circuit VTR market, which is expected to quadruple to \$400 million in five years. Ampex now controls some 75% of the market with \$1,195 to \$8,000 VTRs that are used for everything from training Burger Chef cooks in a course called "Instant Re-Fry" to giving Navy carrier pilots a flight-deck view of their own landing techniques minutes after touchdown.

As far as the model shop is concerned, the next big project is to produce a low-price camera-recorder-TV receiver combination that Ampex says may be "the most promising home-entertainment innovation since television itself." Sony introduced a \$1,345 set in 1965; Ampex, General Electric and Panasonic sets go for \$1,600. Next year Roberts plans to be first with a version "priced in the range well under \$1,000."

REAL ESTATE

Instant City

"I've never been happier. I wouldn't trade places with God." So says George M. Foster, 57, who sold his flourishing Los Angeles ice cream and catering business two years ago to become the

Havasu land sales rose to \$18 million in 1966, accounting for the bulk of the company's \$23 million revenues and much of its \$2,800,000 profits.

The Gamble. Havasu (the name means "blue water" in Navaho) lures newcomers with its sun (annual rainfall is a mere five inches), space, desert air and trout-filled lake, made to order for thousands of fishermen, campers, water skiers and motorboat racers. It was the lake that caught the fancy of McCulloch. Oil President Robert Paxton McCulloch, now 56, when he first flew over it in 1958. McCulloch, who is also the world's largest manufacturer of chain saws and No. 3 maker of outboard motors, was searching for a freshwater site on which to test his engines. After buying out a fishing camp, he quickly built a \$250,000 test facility—now expanded into a three-building plant where 180 employees produce chain-saw components and outboard-engine coils, carburetors and regulators.

Along with the fishing camp came a patchwork holding of 3,530 acres and an abandoned World War II airstrip. Before McCulloch was able to buy an adjoining 12,990 acres (at \$73 an acre) from the state of Arizona, he had to convince state officials that his plan

ing a bank, a shopping center, a pizza parlor, bowling alley and six restaurants, and a golf course. Though most of the carefully controlled architecture is uninspired, Wood added a Disneyland touch to the Lake Havasu Hotel by running a waterfall over its roof.

Private Airline. Mindful that the inflated claims of fly-by-night operators have made potential buyers increasingly wary of desert land ventures, McCulloch insists on a "see-before-you-buy" policy. To bring prospects (28,000 last year) from such cities as Cleveland, Chicago, Seattle, Dallas and Kansas City for a two-day visit to Havasu City, the company operates its own private airline of five prop-driven, four-engine Constellations. The cost to McCulloch: \$1,000,000 a year. The cost to the prospective buyer: nothing. When the visitor becomes a paying customer, though, McCulloch not only charges a substantial \$3,000 to \$18,000 for one-quarter and one-third acre residential lots—a price that discourages speculators—but requires buyers to put at least 10% down, pay off the balance in 81 months.

"Our dream," says Havasu's founder, "is a population of 60,000 by 1980—and I think it's attainable." That would make Havasu Arizona's third largest

JOHN DEERE



WATERFRONT AT LAKE HAVASU



McCULLOCH



LAKE HAVASU HOTEL WITH OVER-THE-ROOF WATERFALL

"You're out of your mind," said the master planner.

operator of a boat marina at the fledgling Arizona town of Lake Havasu City. Foster's spirit is typical of the 2,500 settlers in three-year-old Havasu, an "instant city" built by the California-based McCulloch Oil Corp. along part of the 45-mile lake behind Parker Dam on the lower Colorado River.

Located 235 miles due east of Los Angeles, and surrounded by miles of scorching and sparsely inhabited desert, Havasu stands in an unlikely place for anything as ambitious as a new town. Indeed, the rest of the nation's two dozen such communities are sprouting close to major population centers. Yet McCulloch Oil reported last week that

would increase tax revenues. To create 25-sq.-mi. Havasu City, he gambled \$500,000 on surveys, plans and engineering, even though the prospect looked so risky that C. V. Wood, 46, onetime Disneyland general manager and Convair chief industrial engineer, who is now Havasu City's master planner, told him bluntly: "You're out of your mind."

McCulloch's town began inauspiciously enough in 1964, with 40 dwelling units, three miles of unpaved road, and a population of 160. Today, it has grown into a palm-dotted development of 550 homes and apartments, 54 miles of paved streets, 105 businesses includ-

city (after Phoenix and Tucson). Whether the desert town grows that fast depends largely on how much industry McCulloch can attract to provide jobs. Last week a San Bernardino, Calif., printing company announced plans to move to Havasu, and there are other promising prospects waiting in the wings. Meanwhile, the local branch of the Arizona employment service has no trouble finding 50 jobs a month for new arrivals. Beyond all that activity, simply as a resort and retirement center, Lake Havasu City has already transformed a forbidding abode of cactus and jack rabbits into the Southwest's most surprising oasis.

WORLD BUSINESS

AIRLINES

Fast Boat to China

On April Fool's Day, when China Airlines' new Boeing 727 climbed into the early morning smog that blanketed Taipei's Sung Shan Airport, 14 paying passengers were scattered among the craft's 108 seats. C.A.L.'s management was understandably distressed: it was the inaugural jet flight for the little airline, which is just beginning to make a bid for one of the world's most lucrative routes—from Taipei up to Osaka, Tokyo and back, then a Taipei-Hong Kong round trip. By last week, business

ning for a more peaceful future. "Everything we've made has gone into the 727," he says, then adds that C.A.L. expects to take delivery of another 727 in September.

Chow's ambition, fired by government support, stretches far beyond the confines of the China Sea. He would like nothing so much as to return in one of his own airline's jets to America's West Coast, where he spent his youth working in his brother's grocery store. "I intend to have a transpacific flight around 1970," he says. But Chow is not alone in seeing the potential riches of that route. In Washington last week, the

Well-Insured Hull. Recovering the value of the *Torrey Canyon* and the 118,000 tons of crude oil it carried is only the beginning of the problem. British Petroleum, for whom the chartered ship was hauling crude from Kuwait to England, had insured its cargo for \$1,600,000. The ship itself, owned by a company called Barracuda Tanker Corp., which was incorporated in Liberia but is controlled from Wall Street, carried "hull" insurance of \$16.5 million. As is traditional in marine insurance, the policy (with an annual premium of \$330,000) had been spread among 120 syndicates in the U.S. and Britain, which will now pay off to Union Oil, the regular charterer of the ship and the beneficiary of the policy. Not since the *Andrea Doria* sank in 1956, with a loss of \$16 million, have marine underwriters faced such a high claim.

What makes the case of the *Torrey Canyon* really complex is the threatened damage suits. Like most vessels afloat today, the tanker carried more than hull insurance; it also had P & I (for Protection and Indemnity), which is insurance against damage to persons, piers or other objects while the ship is in operation. The primary P & I insurer was the Marine Office of America in New York City, a consortium that carried \$2,500,000 on the vessel. Union also had an undisclosed amount of P & I with other companies, enough presumably to match at least the \$8,400,000 that Britons were talking about last week as the minimal total of losses.

If the insurance is not adequate, Union Oil will presumably have to bear the brunt of the claims. Conceivably, Union could fight back by entering a counter-suit against the British government for, of all things, piracy. Although British fighter planes bombed the ship "in defense of the realm," the *Torrey Canyon* at the time was actually outside British territorial waters.

Before litigants against Union Oil can collect, however, they may have to go through lengthy court battles. In a similar though smaller case in 1950, the owners of a grounded tanker lightened ship by dumping 400 tons of oil into the water near Liverpool; they were sued for oil damages on grounds of faulty navigation. Ruling that unseaworthiness was the only ground for such a suit, a British judge dismissed the case.

Rules of the Sea. Apart from the inevitable claims and counterclaims now arising from the sunken *Torrey Canyon*, the wreck is almost sure to bring stricter laws of navigation and higher insurance rates on supertankers. Claiming that laws covering such ships are seriously out of date, Britain has already requested an emergency meeting of the 162-nation Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organization to consider new ones. Marine underwriters are already holding meetings to determine



CHINA AIRLINES PRESIDENT CHOW (CENTER) & BOEING 727

With coffers filled chiefly by the wages of war.

had begun to perk up, and China Air kicked off a sales campaign in the Far East and the U.S.

C.A.L. has every reason for confidence. In less than seven years, the line has parlayed high hopes and a low-flying PBH into a sophisticated operation with 24 aircraft, mostly antiquated DC-3s and C-46s. Though 1966 profits of \$2.9 million were modest by international-carrier standards, C.A.L. executives nevertheless point proudly to the fact that they have increased revenues 106% in the past four years. Indeed, Nationalist China's first jet airline now bills itself as the fastest growing Asian company since Sony.

Prior to last week's leap into the jet age, C.A.L.'s coffers were filled chiefly by the wages of war. Charter work in Viet Nam uses 19 of its aircraft, and China Air pilots have been shot at by Red Chinese, Pathet Lao and Viet Cong. Admitting that he has no clearer picture of the Viet Nam war than anyone else, 55-year-old President Ben Y.C. Chow, a former Chinese-air-force lieutenant general who retired in 1964 to take the controls at C.A.L., is nevertheless plan-

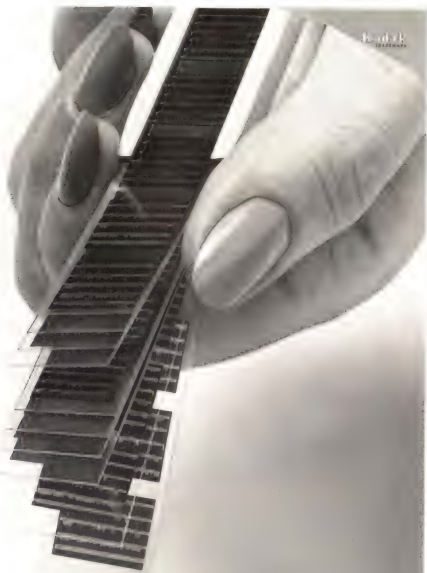
Civil Aeronautics Board was in its second month of studying requests by 18 U.S. airlines to fly the Far East route, currently dominated by Pan Am and Northwest Orient Airlines. At stake for Chow and the 18: an estimated billion dollars of total annual air fares.

INSURANCE

In the Wake of

The *Torrey Canyon*

During the fight to keep the oil from the *Torrey Canyon* off the beaches, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson reported to Commons last week, "We did not wait to settle matters of finance, compensation or legal liability." Now that the crisis is abating, he continued, "the government is urgently considering the question of claims." Britain, said the Prime Minister, intends to sue the Union Oil Co. of California for damages due to the wreck of its supertanker. If the suit ever gets to court, it will further complicate what is fast becoming not only the most costly maritime accident in history but also the most complex.



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how much insurance rates should be increased. "The size of tankers," said a Lloyd's of London executive with embarrassment last week, "has recently grown much faster than our knowledge of their underwriting."

WEST GERMANY

New Boss for the Bug

While former Chancellor Ludwig Erhard is known as the architect of the postwar economic recovery that West Germans refer to as the *Wirtschaftswunder*, a slight, self-assured man named Heinz Nordhoff is certainly one of the nation's master builders. Because he had run wartime Germany's biggest military truck plant, U.S. occupation authorities restricted him to manual labor. The more pragmatic British tapped him to revive a Wolfsburg auto factory which had been so badly bombed that, Nordhoff was later to recall, it "didn't even smell good enough for the Russians." That plant had once built Volkswagens, and Nordhoff's success in getting it back into gear has become a legend (*TIME* cover, Feb. 15, 1954). By last week, when he announced that he would retire as board chairman, Wolfsburg had become home base for West Germany's biggest industry. Volkswagen ranks fourth behind only the U.S. Big Three among the world's automakers.

Less than Perfect. Nordhoff is leaving Volkswagen because he turned 68 in January, an age, he said last week, when "it is not only customary, but even a compelling need to think in time about one's successor." The years, unfortunately, have overtaken him at a moment when Volkswagen—like the *Wirtschaftswunder* itself—is performing at less than capacity.

West Germany is in a serious recession, and consumers are sitting on their pocketbooks. Volkswagen domestic production has dropped 25% from 1966's record high of 1,476,000 vehicles. Like U.S. automakers, the company has been hit by the safety scare. In the mini-motor field, which its beetles long dominated, VW is getting serious competition from General Motors' Opel and the German Ford. Nordhoff has been fighting the pinch with stepped-up exports and a new, cheaper (\$1,121) 41 h.p. Model 1200 that he christened *Wirtschaftskrise Käfer*, or "economic crisis beetle." With all that, his successor, Kurt Lotz, 54, will have plenty of problems.

Clerk to Chairman. Lotz was chosen because he seemed equal to all those problems—and more. Son of a Hessian farmer, he became a Luftwaffe general-staff major assigned to assessing war needs. "That was my first strong contact with industrial planning," he says. At war's end he took a clerk's job in Mannheim with the German subsidiary of the Swiss firm of Brown, Boveri & Cie, which makes all kinds of electrical equipment from home appliances to locomotives. Within twelve years, Lotz



VOLKSWAGEN'S NORDHOFF
A customary and compelling need.

rose to chairman. He and the Swiss fell out over a small computer company in which he had invested to compete with U.S. computer makers, only to have it lose money. Lotz, as a result, decided to go job hunting. Volkswagen's directors offered him the \$250,000-a-year post as Nordhoff's successor.

Because tall, athletically built Kurt Lotz is long on organization and diplomacy but short on knowledge of automaking, he will work in Nordhoff's shadow for almost two years, learning the complexities of the worldwide company. Nordhoff is not scheduled to step aside until the end of 1968.

BRITAIN

An Excess of Excess Profits

Officially, British companies bidding for government contracts are allowed to plan on a maximum profit of 7%. Unofficially, they can make up to 20%. Actually, many of them do a great deal better than that. Or so it seemed last week as Parliament was embroiled in a brouhaha triggered by the news that on a contract for overhauling aircraft engines, the Bristol Siddeley division of the Hawker Siddeley Group had rung up profits of 63%.

Directors of the company maintained that they had no knowledge of any overcharges—which for some work amounted to twice the contract price. Ministry of Technology officials said that they had realized the company's profits were excessive, but that they had been refused access to Bristol Siddeley's books. Trying to cool the criticism, Minister of State (Technology) John Stonehouse told Commons that though Bristol Siddeley's contract was not open to renegotiation, so that the company was not obliged to repay any money, its directors had agreed to return \$11 million of excess profits. "I pay tribute to the way in which they have brought things to a satisfactory conclusion," said

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Stonehouse. Commons, however, was not in the mood to pay tribute to anyone. And the very fact that Bristol Siddeley turned loose so much money only increased suspicions that something was wrong.

Indeed, while both the ministry and the company bore their share of criticism, Britain's defense industry contracts seemed to be the main target of the debate. Critics in the press and Parliament alike were quick to remember that the same thing happened only three years ago, when Ferranti, Ltd., repaid \$12 million after acknowledging an 82% profit manufacturing Bloodhound missiles. Since then, there has been no significant change in the basis for contracting. The government still has no legal redress for excess profits.

The obvious loser in this unbusinesslike scheme is Britain's aircraft industry. It is floundering between inefficiency and inordinately high profits. The expense of developing the TSR 2 bomber, for example, became so outlandish that the government instead decided to buy 50 American F-111s. Commercial lines have suffered too: BOAC, after innumerable problems with British-made equipment, put \$154 million down on six Boeing 747s.

Inevitably, the Bristol Siddeley affair is expected to reach far beyond the balance sheets of any one company. Its settlement surely will affect the future of Britain's aviation industry and, if parliamentary critics have their way, the entire practice of defense-industry contracting.

MILESTONES

Married. Phyllis Field Drummond, 30, daughter of the late Marshall Field III, heir to the Chicago department-store empire and publisher of the Chicago Sun-Times; and Louis de Flers, 35, general manager of a French chemical firm; she for the second time, he for the first; in Ridgeland, S.C.

Divorced. The Earl of Harewood, 44, first cousin of Queen Elizabeth II, and 18th in line of succession to the British throne; by the Countess of Harewood, 39; on uncontested charges of adultery with Patricia Tuckwell, 38, Australian-born onetime model who bore him a son in 1964; after 17 years of marriage, three children; in London.

Died. Sir William Neil Connor, 57, British columnist better known as "Cassandra," who for 31 years in the London Daily Mirror cut and thrust with fine partiality and fierce wit at everything from Germany to Radio Moscow and Joe McCarthy, plus sports, doctors, dogs, commercial TV and many of its performers; after a long illness; in London. Cassandra once described Liberace as "this deadly, winking, sniggering, smuggling, chromium-plated, scent-impregnated, luminous, quivering, giggling, fruit-flavoured, mincing, ice-covered heap of mother-love." And thereupon Liberace sued for libel and won a \$22,400 judgment.

Died. William White, 70, chairman of the Erie Lackawanna Railroad since 1963, a survivor of the days when rails, not planes, carried the U.S. public, who started out at 16 with the Erie, climbed the traditional ladder to the presidency of the New York Central in 1952, only to be forced out two years later in a raucous proxy fight, then moved on to the Delaware and Hudson and the Erie Lackawanna, which he highballed from a \$17 million loss in 1963 to a \$6,700,000 profit last year; of a heart attack; in Cleveland.

Died. Emil Frei Jr., 71, one of the foremost U.S. artists in stained glass, who took over his father's glass firm to promote a revival of an art that had waned since its flowering in the Middle Ages, combining richly colored abstract forms and contemporary symbolism, thus creating effects no other medium can achieve; after a long heart illness; in Kirkwood, Mo.

Died. Mischa Elman, 76, violinist, who rose from a Ukrainian ghetto to play before the Czar by the time he was 17 years old, immigrated to the U.S. in 1908, where his sensuous, pulsating "Elman tone," far richer than the restrained vibrato and small tone then in vogue, took the music world by storm to a fan who once gushed that he played like a god, Elman replied, "A god doesn't improve; I do" and launched a marathon, 5,014-concert career that continued until his death; of a heart attack; in New York.

Died. Hermann Joseph Muller, 76, U.S. geneticist who won the Nobel Prize in 1946 for his 1927 experiments in which he bombarded fruit flies with X rays to produce weird mutations and demonstrated long before the atomic age the effects of radiation on genes, an outspoken scientist, most recently advocating the establishment of artificial insemination banks to store the frozen sperm of gifted men to improve the human race now and in the future; of heart disease; in Indianapolis.

Died. Eleanor Wilson McAdoo, 77, youngest and last surviving of Woodrow Wilson's three daughters, who in 1914 married Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury, William Gibbs McAdoo, in a White House ceremony, saw her marriage end in divorce after 20 years, and devoted the rest of her life to her father's memory in speeches, articles and several books; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Montecito, Calif.

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MORMONS

Prosperity & Protest

Last week 8,000 members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints gathered in Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle to commemorate the 137th anniversary of the founding of the largest and strongest made-in-America faith. As usual, church leaders presented impressive testimonials to the thriving success of Mormonism. Since 1940, membership in the church has more than tripled, to 2,600,000. Last year alone, the church gained 117,000 new members. Two-thirds of the newcomers were converts netted by the 12,800 Mormon missionaries who toil from New England to New Zealand.

Financially, the church is thriving too. The vast Mormon-owned business enterprises—ranging from Utah's largest department store to a 360,000-acre Florida cattle ranch—help produce an income that some church observers estimate at \$1,000,000 per day. The exact total is a closely guarded church secret.

Updating Doctrine. Outwardly secure and successful, the unique religion created by Joseph Smith and carried to Utah by Brigham Young is nonetheless at a testing time. Much as in the churches of mainstream Christianity, Mormonism is being prodded out of its old ways by a new generation of believers who temper loyalty to the faith with a conviction that its doctrines need updating. Worried about the relevance of Mormonism, some of them are all but openly critical of the policies fostered by the church's venerable, conservative hierarchy, headed by President David O. McKay, 93, and his Council of the Twelve Apostles.

Latter-Day Saints can now question some of the church's peculiar disciplines without being stigmatized by their neighbors. Although the U.S. Surgeon General's report on smoking confirmed

the Mormon conviction that tobacco is an evil, there is widespread feeling that the church should relax its ban on coffee and tea. "A lot of good Mormons drink coffee now," says one Utah saint. "The church should not make its prohibition a commandment." Still another quaint tradition is the Mormons' use of "temple garments"—a torso-covering form of underclothing signifying their covenant with the Lord—which devout believers, both women and men, are expected to wear.

A more serious complaint is that Mormonism is too much concerned with the perfection of its own organization, too little with the problems of the world. J. D. Williams, a professor of political science at the University of Utah and a former member of a stake (diocese) high council, argues: "It's time that the church indicated its concern for more things than simply internal structure and processes." He notes that the Salt Lake City League of Women Voters, in a city that is 52% Mormon, is almost exclusively staffed by "Gentiles" (non-Mormons). Church members should devote more of their energies to politics and community service.

Un-Christian & Unsound. The doctrine most under fire within the church is the traditional teaching that Negroes, the cursed sons of Cain, are not eligible for the priesthood, which is open to males of every other race when they reach the age of twelve. (Negroes, however, can join the church and are not excluded from the Mormon concept of heaven.) Williams calls it "un-Christian and theologically unsound," says that the teaching "looks so anachronistic that it engenders hostility in the world around us."

Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, a Mormon who describes himself as "deeply troubled by the issue," says that the church's policy "is like granting citizenship and saying 'you can't hold of-

fice.'" The nation's best-known Mormon, Michigan Governor George Romney, has refrained from calling for a change in the doctrine, in deference to the authority of his church's elders. But Romney's own civil rights record is so impeccable that his percentage of Michigan's Negro vote has gone up in each of his three gubernatorial campaigns.

Williams also believes that "the doctrine will be changed, and in my lifetime." The problem is that Mormon belief cannot be redefined by convention or popular vote but only by a direct revelation from God to the President, Prophet and Seer of the church. Although he insists that most Mormons are not prejudiced against Negroes, President McKay has declared that he sees no possibility of a new revelation on the teaching. McKay's probable successor, Joseph Fielding Smith, 90, president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, has also said that he thinks a new revelation unlikely to occur soon. Unwilling to create a church schism over the issue, many Mormon liberals are confident that the continuing pressure of the civil rights revolution will sooner or later provoke a new divine dispensation—just as changing social conditions and government pressure led eventually to a "revelation" in 1890 that Mormonism should abandon polygamy.

PROTESTANTS

An Act of Defiance

Ever since the Berlin Wall went up, East Germany's Communist government has been pressuring the country's Evangelical Church to break its ties with Protestantism in West Germany. Last week, in a remarkable act of defiance against their Red bosses, East German Protestant leaders unanimously voted to maintain the union—and then went on to join with their West German counterparts in electing a new chairman of the All-German Church Council.

Both actions took place at the annual synods of the two churches, which met under difficult conditions. In the past, the two branches of Protestantism have gathered in different sectors of divided Berlin, and some West Germans have been allowed to visit their brethren in the east. This time, Communist officials forced the East German synod to meet at Fürstenwalde, 20 miles from Berlin—and made it clear ahead of time that they expected the meeting to end in a formal schism (TIME, April 7).

Strength from the Lord. Their hopes were bluntly disappointed. Addressing the opening session of the East German synod, Bishop Friedrich Wilhelm Krummhaeuer of Greifswald warned: "If Christians, who are limbs of the one Lord, and who belong together as limbs of one church, are no longer allowed to be mentioned in one breath, it is no longer an institutional question but a matter of the unity of faith in one Lord."

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asserting that "the 28 Evangelical dioceses in the Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic stand together in the spirit of united Christians." To renounce unity because of political differences "would have the church serve the goddess of the state." The manifesto concluded: "We therefore have no reason to sever our bonds with the community of the Evangelical Church in Germany. The Lord who forgives us our trespasses will give us the strength to serve him in ever greater freedom."

Equally defiant of Communist hopes was the synod's participation in the election of a new council chairman, Germany's top Protestant post. The man chosen—Bavaria's Bishop Hermann Dietzelbinger, 58—was in fact formally proposed by the Fürstenwalde session. Regarded as a moderate on the question of East-West relations, Dietzelbinger was chosen over the pre-synod favorite, Hannover's Bishop Hanns Lilje, who is more closely identified with Germany's political controversies. Dietzelbinger succeeds Bishop Kurt Scharf of Berlin-Brandenburg, who hopes to return to East Berlin, from which he was expelled in 1961.

UNITARIANS

Growing Avant-Garde

Unitarianism was once snidely summed up as a small New England sect with a faith in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the neighborhood of Boston. No longer. According to a new and wide-ranging survey of the Unitarian Universalist Association* which was undertaken by Chicago's Opinion Research Center, it has

* The result of a 1961 merger uniting two liberal churches that had long shared nonconformist theological and ethical views.



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proportionately more college-educated and affluent members than any other church in the U.S.—and more than two-thirds of them now live outside New England, away from the faith's old neighborhood. The survey indicates that 63% of adult Unitarians earn more than \$10,000 a year, and 84% have had some college education. Most of them are converts: 60% previously adhered to another religion, and 28% to none at all.

Unitarians have no formal creed setting forth specific teachings on faith and morals, and the Chicago survey is one of the first to reflect with any accuracy the real convictions of church members. Most of them seem to deny the major tenets of Christianity: less than 3% think that God is a supernatural being, 90% do not believe in the existence of life after death, 64% say that they seldom or never pray. On topical issues, they approve of abortion for any pregnant unmarried woman (72%), intercourse between unmarried persons (80%); 70% think it "very important" that churches be involved in the struggle for racial justice. Although 69% oppose any escalation of the war in Viet Nam, only one Unitarian in five thinks that the U.S. should unilaterally pull its forces out of Southeast Asia.

Unitarian President Dana McLellan Greeley said that the survey confirms his church's conviction that it represents "a small, intellectually and socially advanced segment of society, not the rank and file." The segment is growing. Unitarian membership within the past decade has doubled to 276,944, and church leaders expect it to reach 500,000 by 1980.

MORALITY

Trial by Marriage

The idea of trial marriage is nothing new: secular freethinkers have been proposing it for a number of years. But facing the large number of youthful weddings that end in divorce, some reputable Christian theologians today are cautiously debating whether temporary liaisons make good common as well as spiritual sense.

Speaking last month to a Protestant conference on welfare work in West Germany, Theologian Siegfried Keil of Marburg University argued that while sexual mores have quite obviously changed during the 2,000 years of Christian history, churchmen nonetheless continue to act as if there were a permanent, inflexible standard of behavior. "Why," he asked, "should it not be conceivable to think of the act of marriage as being divided into several stages, from single life to matrimony?" One such interim stage, he suggested, might be a "recognized premarriage," during which sexual relations by the couple would not be condemned as sinful.

Under Strict Controls. Roman Catholic Father Jacques Lazure, a Harvard-educated sociologist who is on the staff

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of the University of Montreal, has tentatively proposed that the church might some day consider the institution of "probationary marriages" as an antidote to the high divorce rate among the young. Lazure—who was promptly silenced by his superiors after explaining his views to the *Toronto Star*—suggested that trial marriages, if ever they are authorized, ought to be surrounded with strict social and ecclesiastical controls. The couples involved should be at least 18 years old, and would be required to practice birth control. Sanctioned by both church and state, such unions might last anywhere from three to 18 months, and could be readily dissolved at the request of either party. Hopefully, however, most would end in permanent marriage.

Although most U.S. theologians are somewhat reluctant to openly challenge traditional church views on the indissolubility of marriage and the sinfulness of premarital sex, there is some support for these proposals. Says Dr. Edward Craig Hobbs of Berkeley's Episcopal Church Divinity School of the Pacific: "Something like trial marriage would be vastly superior to our present system, which is marriage, divorce and remarriage." In addition Dr. Robert Lee of San Francisco Theological Seminary argues that since "intercourse during engagement is becoming standard," the time of betrothal, in effect, "has become a trial marriage."

Paying an Indemnity. Another theologian intrigued by the idea of trial marriages is William Hamilton of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, one of the leading "Death-of-God" thinkers, who suggests that a betrothal period in which sexual relations are licit would actually be in accord with the marital patterns that prevailed in the time of Christ. Under early Jewish custom, couples who became betrothed often lived as man and wife, without being required to enter permanent marriage. By this custom, if either party objected to formalizing the union, it could be dissolved by a religious court.

A majority of Christian thinkers, however, see plenty of problems that would be created by trial marriages—and they are not about to approve them. Hamilton, for example, admits that "kids today are really committing themselves. Trial marriage just sounds too cool." Dean John Coburn of Massachusetts' Episcopal Theological School asks: "How can two people trust one another on a temporary basis? Marriage is a total commitment, and trial marriage is a contradiction in terms." Some other critics suggest that in trial liaisons that fail, the psychological damage done might be almost as anguishing as that caused in a divorce. Even theologians who concede the inadequacy of church tradition on sex warn that take-it-or-leave-it unions do violence to the basic concept of sexual mating, which is symbolic of what should be a deep-rooted personal encounter.



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Peer's Passions

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL 356 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$7.95.

As a young scholar just out of Cambridge at the turn of the century, Bertrand Russell confronted a baffling conundrum. On one side of a piece of paper was written: "The statement on the other side of this paper is false." On the other side it read: "The statement on the other side of this paper is false."

The 3rd Earl Russell, now 94, presents a psychological conundrum of a similar order. Renowned mathematician, logician, philosopher and Nobel prizewinner, he writes English with all the precision and lucidity of which the language is capable. Yet for all its clarity and wit, the first volume, instantly acclaimed in England as a classic, leaves unresolved problems of character. To some, he is a crypto-mystic; to others, a heartless brain. Most recently he has become an excessively emotional organizer of peace marches who mouths anti-American propaganda drivel.

Great Winds. Each page in Lord Russell's autobiography disputes what is on the other side. He combined a rigorous skeptical rationalism with a naturally religious temperament. He was a rich aristocrat in the days when a peer was a peer, but became an "international socialist" and pacifist—exhibiting the gift of naïveté that he possesses in such abundance today. Earlier, having become a teetotaler to please his wife, he had taken up drinking again because "the King took the pledge during the First War. His motive was to facilitate the killing of Germans, and it therefore seemed as if there must be some connection between pacifism and alcohol."

Trying to resolve the contradiction of his heart and mind, Russell has found words of some nobility: "Three passions have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair."

Dotty Aunt. Bertie was born destined for great things, but what things? Grandfather Lord John Russell had been Prime Minister, and his mother was a Stanley—one of a rich and titled tribe that took a hand more than once in governing England. His father, Lord Amberley, was a freethinker; his mother an even freer one. They died in Bertie's infancy, leaving him to be brought up by two atheist tutors. Mother had been sleeping with one of them, but on the highest principles; poor fellow was a tubercular, and it was then thought that he should have no children; still, Lady Amberley felt that he should not have to do without sex merely because of this.

The Russells and Stanleys snatched



BERTRAND RUSSELL AT 34
On a wayward course . . .

Bertie from the godless guardians and placed him in care of his grandmother, Lady Russell, who had been a lady in waiting to Queen Victoria and was a Scotch Presbyterian of dour principles. Bertie was judged too sickly for school (actually he was strong as a horse) and was sketchily educated at home by tutors or a slightly dotty aunt. He had no way of knowing until much later that he was one of the cleverest little boys who ever lived.

Puck & Pan. He arrived at Cambridge with a scholarship at Trinity. "A shy prig," is his own description; too shy to ask where the toilets were, he walked to the one at the railway station. At Trinity, dons were gargling grace in two alternate systems of Latin pronunciation; the junior dean had to be eased out because, though his sermons were eloquent, he had become crippled by syphilis and had raped his daughter. The mas-

ter was another kind of monster—a snob. Yet this cloister now housed some of the brightest spirits of the age.

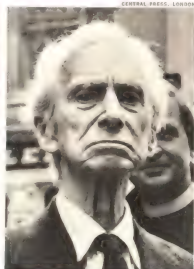
Russell had come to the university in the hope of meeting the most brilliant of his contemporaries. It was some time before he found out that he already had done so: they were his immediate circle of friends, including the three Trelvans, poet, historian and scholar; Lytton Strachey, J. M. Keynes, and the philosopher G. M. Moore.

Russell was not awed. At the age of two he had said of Robert Browning, a man who had stayed to dinner: "Why doesn't that man stop talking?" and later withstood the awful eye of Prime Minister Gladstone as the original Grand Old Man asked after dinner: "This is very good port they have given me, but why have they given it to me in a claret glass?" After unanswerable questions like that, Bertie developed the confidence he needed to decide that Newton's calculus was "a tissue of fallacies" and to begin his historic collaboration with Alfred North Whitehead, his senior in college. That resulted, after ten years' labor, in the publication of *Principia Mathematica*, named after Newton's great work, which in many respects it superseded. Almost as soon as the bulky manuscript had been trundled to the university printer in a handcart, young Bertie—Puck, Pan, Pythagoras and Peer—found himself famous, acclaimed as a philosophic genius throughout the civilized world and a master of clarity in the higher regions of human thought.

In Series. Such achievements did not damp the contradictions in his personality. Against the theoretical wisdom of his 1929 paean, *Marriage and Morals*, must be set the preposterous practice of his own love life—a comedy more apparent to the reader than to the author. He was a puritan possessed of, or by, a powerful sexual nature. He tells about his industrious masturbation—at 94, he should surely allow himself to forget what he was doing at 15—and of the first time he fell in love, presumably with someone other than himself. His unhappy choice was Alys Pearsall Smith, who came from a family of rich émigré Philadelphia Quakers. She used the Friends' virtue of truth-telling as a cozy cover for natural malice. It was years before he found this out.

There followed a succession of passionate love affairs in which he was faithful—but only, as a mathematician might put it, in series. First there was Lady Ottoline Morrell; then an unnamed American, who later went mad. The recitation of these disasters seems candid enough, but it is the explications that Bertie strews like rosemary on their cold beds that do not seem right. One would like to have heard their side of the bed story.

Darkening Sky. What remains undimmed, despite his present sad decline, is Russell's glorious intellectual history and his talent for what a pre-Freudian age called passionate friendship with men, some of them as great as himself



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. . . over an ocean of anguish.

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"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"I am not sure that in a great state it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expense, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance.

"The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.

"Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.

"But" (said he) "it proved a dear cap to our congregation."

"How so?"

"When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds."

"True," (said the farmer) "but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that the industry has continued, and is likely to con-



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brunel-Smith

tinue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes."

"Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

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It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity... the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories... and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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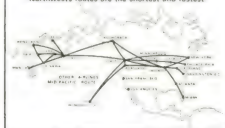


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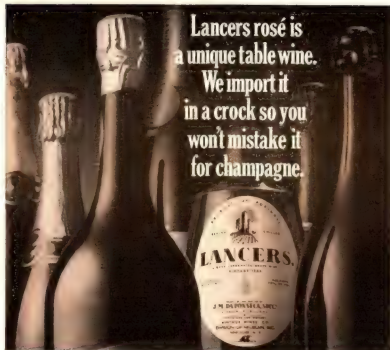
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118

(he writes to Joseph Conrad as to "a star seen from the bottom of a well"). His book is the last witness to a great age.

In August 1914, where Russell's volume ends, he and his friends must have seemed the most graced and fortunate men alive: their talent, wit and intellectual energy sparkled in the darkening sky of history, and if they enjoyed privilege, their moral concern justified it. Faith, hope and charity ruled the minds of these splendid skeptics, but in a moment all would be gone. Philosophers and poets would die in Flanders, and Russell himself would sit in jail as a conscientious objector, laughing his head off over Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* until a warder came along to remind him of his responsibilities: prison was not supposed to be a joke. If only Bertie could have foreseen that he would live on to become the last and most eminent Victorian of them all.

Against the Tide

THE FISH CAN SING by Halldór Laxness, translated by Magnus Magnusson. 286 pages. Crowell. \$5.95.

Iceland, a few generations ago, was hardly more than a storybook land ruled by the Danes—a seafarer's outpost cut adrift from the rest of civilization. Dandelions and buttercups grew on the turf roofs of cottages. Even hens' eggs tasted of fish. The people seemed dour, except when drunk on words or alcohol, and the only way that one could effectively insult a native was to call him a Dane.

It is this period that is warmly evoked by Novelist Halldór Laxness, 64, who won the 1955 Nobel Prize for such works as *Independent People*, a story of immemorial peasant life, and *Salka Valka*, a sociological study of corruption, lust and politics in an Icelandic fishing village. In most of his later novels, Laxness seems to be reliving incidents from his own past. In this book, his narrator is a boy named Algrim, who was born



HALLDÓR LAXNESS
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TIME, APRIL 14, 1967



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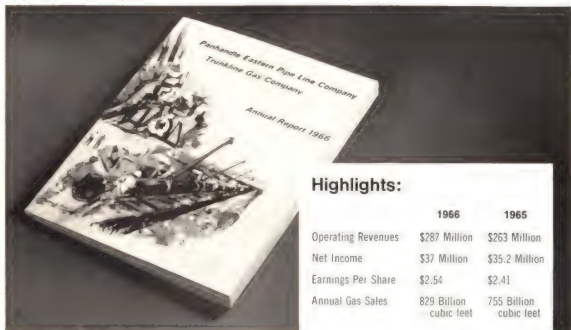
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A report on Growth
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near Reykjavik as the 20th century dawned. His mother, a young woman bound for America, had paused in Brekkukot at the friendly cottage of Bjorn, a fisherman, and there gave birth to her child. Then she went on her way: as the book says in the terse language of the sagas, "she is now out of this story."

Netted Lumpfish. There were seldom empty beds in Bjorn's household: vagrants and strays of all sorts wandered in and out. One such stray was Gardar Holm, who had the loudest voice in Reykjavik, and who accordingly was sent to Copenhagen to become a singer. Another was a woman from across the island who came to Bjorn's cottage to die because her own children "would never expect me to be so unkind as to die before their eyes."

Allgrim grows up regarding Bjorn and his wife as his grandparents. It is a lively existence—going out at dawn with Bjorn to net lumpfish, playing in the nearby churchyard, lending a hand and his voice at funerals and, above all, skirmishing with such terrifying girls as Blacer, the choirmaster's daughter, and little Miss Gudmunsen, with her red gloves and fiery temper. When at last he is ready to cross the sea to the university in Denmark, his shawled "grandmother" says: "If you should meet a poor old woman like me anywhere in the world, give her my greetings."

Shared Zest. Author Laxness admits that he is a rarity in Iceland: an enthusiast. His passions have carried him into and out of both the Roman Catholic Church and the Communist Party. His politics appear rarely in his books, but his poetry often. In this novel, Laxness touches with song the most unlikely events, from Jon of Skagi's self-appointment as custodian of the town lavatory to a great debate that raged in Iceland about whether the establishment of barbershops should be permitted. As a storyteller, Laxness shares with Brazil's Jorge Amado (*TIME*, May 28, 1965) an infectious zest for the eccentricities of ordinary people and a genial affection for those resolute fish in humankind who dare to swim against the tide.

Yes, Sire

KING COHN by Bob Thomas. 381 pages. Putnam \$6.95

Gazing at the miles of neighboring urban sprawl and walking through the TV treadmills of Desilu and Warner's, the casual visitor to Hollywood will find it difficult to believe that it was once the habitat of Cro-Magnon man. His name was Harry Cohn, president and production head at Columbia Studios, and he flourished during the movies' Pleistocene epoch—circa A.D. 1930-58—subsisting on the backbones of executives and the egos of movie stars. When he died in 1958, more than 2,000 people turned out for his funeral, prompting Red Skelton to compose the most quoted epitaph in movie history: "It only proves what they always say—give the



HARRY COHN
Rival to Rumpelstiltskin.

public something they want to see and they'll come out for it."

After Cohn's funeral, other obituaries were added: "He was a song plugger and a louse," said Comedian Lou Holtz. "He never learned how to live," said Samuel Goldwyn. "He was," said Hedda Hopper, "a sadistic son of a bitch."

Wide Screen. Clearly, a man who can inspire such passion needs a tough-minded and sensitive biographer; instead he has Bob Thomas, 45, Hollywood reporter for the Associated Press, whose prose style seems derived largely from the wide-screen Hollywood novels of Harold Robbins. Nevertheless, Cohn was one of the last of the great movie despots, in whom absolute power and abysmal ignorance were fused, and he left behind a body of anecdotes that are worth examination.

At a writers' conference, for example, Cohn once bawled out his staff for creating an anachronism in an *Arabian Nights* fantasy. "It's all through this script, goddammit!" he complained. "You've got 'em all saying 'Yes, sire.' " The producer read the offending page on Cohn's desk. "But, Harry," he explained, "that's 'Yes, sire.' "

In a more benign mood, he once wooed a prospective screenwriter: "I'll do anything for you. You can't sleep with your wife any more? You're crazy about a starlet? I'll let you take her down to Stage Eight, and I'll stand outside and guard the door."

When he found that his first wife could not have a baby, he selected a minor actress, had her struck from the payroll, then came to her apartment with an offer that rivals Rumpelstiltskin: "I would like you to have a child by me. On the day you are certified to be pregnant, I will put \$75,000 in a bank under your name. On the day the child is delivered to me, our relationship is over. . . ." The proposal was turned down. Cohn restored the girl to her job—and never spoke to her again.

It was not the first time that the

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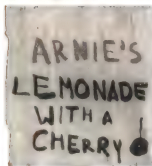
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King's edicts were defied. He was surrounded by jesters, many of them devastating. Once, at the climax of a dressing-down, an alcoholic actor, Warren Hymer, urinated on Cohn's immaculate desk. Hymer was banished from Columbia. The desk was burned.

Writer Herman J. Mankiewicz once listened to Cohn brag: "When I'm alone in a projection room, I have a foolproof device for judging whether a picture is good or bad. If my fanny squirms, it's bad. If my fanny doesn't squirm, it's good. It's as simple as that." There was a momentary silence; then Mankiewicz abruptly terminated his employment: "Imagine—the whole world wired to Harry Cohn's behind!"

Nevertheless, there was something instinctive about Cohn's fancy, it not his fanny. He respected talent, and he succeeded in getting some of Hollywood's best people to work for him. Leo McCarey, Robert Rossen, Frank Capra and George Stevens directed his films; Humphrey Bogart, Jack Lemmon, William Holden, Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and Judy Holliday acted in them. And some of Cohn's features are classics: *It Happened One Night*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *All the King's Men*, *Born Yesterday*.

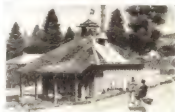
Monster Misery. How could such a vulgarian be capable of producing good movies? Some of Cohn's detractors reply with the old saw about flowers springing from dunghills. Author Thomas conversely believes that Cohn's toughness was merely an act to keep his vulnerability and sensitivity from showing. The truth probably lies somewhere between. Cohn was a merchant. He made more than his share of shoddy products: the *Blondie* series, *Boston Blackie*, *Crime Doctor*. But the B pictures earned profits and gave Columbia a chance to trade up. It meant acquiring quality merchandise, and often Cohn paid the top wholesale price to get it.

But the price that others paid to work for him could be measured only in misery. They were not the only lovers; like most dictators, Cohn eventually dehumanized himself by dehumanizing his subjects. Despite Biographer Thomas' cosmetic job, the outlines of the monster cannot be missed. In the new Hollywood, Cohn's kind of vulgarity can still be found—but not his kind of power. The absence of that power has made moviemakers' lives a lot better. The irony is that the same can seldom be said for their pictures.

Ways of Love

A SPORT AND A PASTIME by James Salter 191 pages Doubleday \$4.50.

France's no-longer-new New Novelists have found few imitators in the U.S. James Salter, 40, is one of the exceptions. His model seems to be Alain Robbe-Grillet, who labors in his books to "construct a space and time purely mental, that of a dream or memory." Perhaps in tribute, Salter sets his third



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book in France. His subject is the love affair between Anne-Marie Costallat, an 18-year-old who looks like a child but eats like a dock hand, and young Phillip Dean, a Yale dropout who has been wandering through Europe with "that touch of indolence and occasional luxury that comes only from having real resources."

The affair is viewed, or rather voyeured, by an unnamed narrator. In the hazy New-Novel fashion, the exact locale is uncertain: it may be Autun, or it may be Auxerre. And the events described may have happened or they may have been invented. As the narrator puts it: "I see myself as an *agent provocateur* or a double agent, first on one side—that of truth—and then on the other."



JAMES SALTER

A splintering of crystal fragments.

He is also a shadowless personality, inept in his love life. Thus, to compensate for his own inadequacies, he exaggerates Dean's qualities almost to the point of inventing a new character; he fears his creation as he must fear "all men who are successful in love."

This curiously distilled method of storytelling proves effective and makes something lyrical of a rather commonplace romance. Dream-walking, the reader follows the narrator and his lovers through a lightly perfumed garden of erotic nuances. The encounters of Dean and Anne-Marie seem to require not reading but sensing, as if the touch of the eye were almost too much for reality. And when at last the dream breaks, it is not with a shatter but a silent splintering of crystal fragments.

A West Pointer who served twelve years in the U.S. Air Force, Salter came late to fiction. "I was not always a writer," he says, "but perhaps I was always becoming one." There are bestselling novelists who could learn from this cool and quiet book.

Memo from a pharaoh

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